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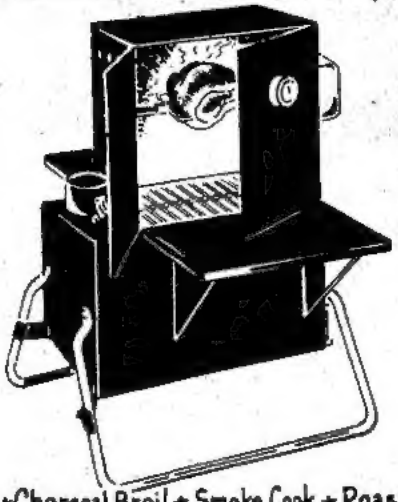

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P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764 Phone: AC 512/444-3674

Advertising / Circulation Office:
700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54945 Phone: AC 715/445-2214

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
"Encounter"

FRONTIER TIMES (ISSN 0016-2124) is published bimonthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54945. $1.25 per copy; $8.95 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada, and Mexico; $10.95 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second class postage paid at Iola, Wisconsin and at additional entry offices.

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

Last night I was reading the latest edition of a year old gun magazine that is really showing promise. It is called *Antique Gun Trader* and is published here in Austin by Tom Keilman. I came across a couple of articles that interested me right sharply. Since both are short, I called Editor Tom Burks to see if it would be okay if I'd steal some of his material and he gave me the fire-when-ready signal.

The first one is titled "A Colt For Every Cowboy" by William R. Orbelo. Here it is word for word:

Have you ever wondered why every cowboy's handgun was a Colt? There are probably a number of valid reasons for this phenomena, however two seem to explain it best.

First, noted authors of fact and fiction for the better part of a century have, apparently, been unable to spell "Forehand & Wadsworth," "Merwin & Hulbert," "Smith & Wesson," "Bacon," "Remington," or any of dozens of other brands names of shooting irons available to the buyer and popular on the western frontier.

The second reason was old Sam Colt himself. He, along with P.T. Barnum, probably had the best talent of anyone in the 19th century America for getting his name in print. Just before the Civil War, Colt wrote the following to his sales agent James D. Alden in Arizona:

"I am noticing in the newspapers occasionally complimentary notices of the Sharp and Burnside rifles and carbines, anecdotes of their use upon Grizzly Bears, Indians, Mexicans, etc., etc. Now this is all wrong — it should be published Colts, Rifles, Carbines, etc. When there is or can be made a story of the use of a Colt's Revolving rifle, Carbine, Shotgun, or Pistol, for publication in 'The Arizonian' the opportunity should not be lost, and in the event of such notices being published you must always send me one hundred copies. If there is a chance to do a few good things in this way, give the editor a pistol or rifle compliment, in the way it will tell —. You know how to do this, and do not forget to have his columns report all the accidents that occur to the Sharps and other humbug arms. I hope soon to see evidence of your usefulness in this line of business."

The evidence testifying to Mr. Alden's (and other Colt representatives) "usefulness in this business" is with us today on toy counters around the nation. Every "cowboy" cap-gun is a replica Colt! Products ranging from beer to boots — still bear testimony to the fame of the Colt "SixShooter."

Correctly or incorrectly, the 19th century promotional and marketing wizardry of this brilliant and talented "Connecticut Yankee" have indelibly stamped the "Colt's Patent" on the colorful pageant that was the American frontier.

Isn't that the durndest letter by Sam Colt# First time I ever got this particular angle on Brother Sam. Might have known since most anything that becomes such a tremendous success is not only good but it has some good pushers behind it.

The other article has to do with a pair of Dance Brothers "Dragoons," numbers 320 and 321 showing up at the same gun show. The article states that odds against consecutively numbered Dances showing up at any one show staggers the imagination. At that time they were owned by R.A. Fowler of Waxahachie, Texas and Billy Johnson of Birmingham, Alabama. That was 26 years ago. In a letter, wrttein in 1974, Mr. R. A. Fowler gives an interesting partial history of "old number 321."

Dear. Mr. Lingnau:

In regards to 44 Caliber Dance Revolver Serial No. 321, I got this gun from a man in Corsicana, Texas in the late 40's or early 50's. The man told me it was given to him by a man 88 years old, who as a child lived in Mertens, Texas. He said when he was 12 years old a man robbed and killed the storekeeper in Mertens. A posse was formed and the 12 year old boy followed the posse that chased the robber into Ellis County and cornered him at an abandoned farm house of the boy's father. A fight started with the robber firing from behind a brick well curb. The robber raised up to shoot and caught a bullet between the eyes. He fell forward and balanced on the well curb, dropping his gun into the well.

The boy said that he removed a pair

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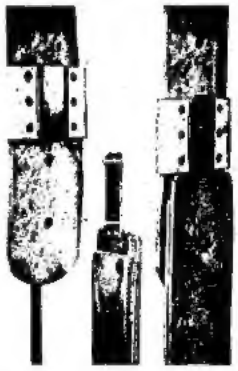

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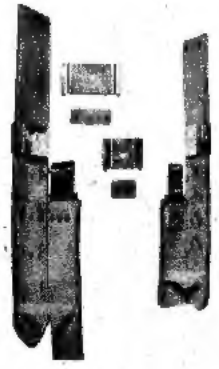

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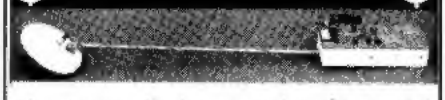

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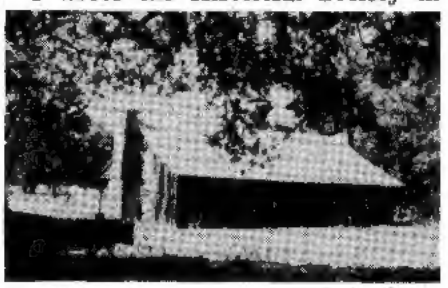
FRONTIER POST

Putman Settlement

I am writing in regard to the story "Courage of a Frontier Kid" which ran in the September '79 issue. This was about my great-grandfather Madison DeCal Putman and Uncle Harve Putman of Mason County. My brother, James A. Blanton, whose son James D. Blanton is a subscriber of yours in Carlsbad, New Mexico and owns the Bar D Chuckwagon there, sent me the copy and suggested I write you and send this picture of Cal's double log cabin which is still standing and is located on the Schneider Ranch between Llano and Mason on Farm Road 2323.

I wrote the Historical Society in



Austin trying to get a marker for it as it was called "Putman Settlement" in the 1850s, before Fredericksburg was founded. However the present ranch owner would have to sign the application so I have been unable to do so.

Captain Cal Putman and Harve, along with other members of the family are buried there near the cabin in a family graveyard.

This may be of interest to other relatives as Grandfather had a large family and a lot of the descendants still live in the Mason and Llano area. — Mary Mauldin, 605 Rosemere, Fort Worth, Texas 76111

The Day Brothers

Thanks for the story on Tony Day and the Turkey Track. As a history buff I must tell you it was like receiving a letter from home. I was born in Oklahoma on land that had been the Day brothers' ranch in 1875. J.M. (Doc) Day, Ford Day's father, and A.J. (Tony) Day started this ranch in the Cherokee Strip. A part of the ranch was in what later was Lipscomb County, Texas. The census for 1880 lists them in that county. The Days owned two other ranches in the Cherokee Strip. I am sending a map of the leases showing the Day brothers' ranch.

In 1885 Walter Baron Von Richthofen wrote a book entitled *Cattle Raising on the Plains of North America.* He used the Days as an example of the profit in ranching. I quote, "Another very striking example of profits and fortune made in cattle raising is the experience of Mr. Day of Wolf Creek, Indian Territory. In 1875 he invested $15,000 in Texas stock and at the end of six years he sold his herd, not including any land, for $450,000 and offered after the contract was made a $10,000 bonus to the buyer to release him from his contract."

This ranch was sold to Dominion Cattle Co. in 1882 who changed the brand to Box T. I would be glad to correspond with anyone interested in early ranching. — James W. Vallaster, P.O. Box 941, Fritch, Texas 79036

And a Note from Ad Day, Jr.

I am sending a picture taken at the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. The four original sponsors are in it, and Charlie Russell and his wife who were guests of the show. Charlie brought some of his paintings and they were exhibited at the Paliser Hotel. He made several sales. He was also a guest at the Winnipeg Stampede in 1913, a show that my father directed.

Charlie and my father were good friends and Charlie wrote him several fine letters in longhand and painted a picture on the letterhead describing the action. They were given away by my father who just couldn't say no to his friends.

Later at the Lethbridge Stampede, J.D. Watson, who is in the picture, drove to Great Falls and brought back Charlie and his wife as guests. J.D. was a fast driver and around those mountain curves had Charlie scared. Later on Charlie wrote J.D. a letter and painted a picture that portrayed what might happen to him. A car had run off the road on a high mountain curve and was turning over and over. About 200 feet below, two Indians were looking up at it as it fell. Mr Watson was delighted with it and showed it to all his friends. — A.P. Day, Jr., 913 N.W. 10th, Bentonville, Arkansas 72712

Arizona Cowboy

I work on the Black Canyon Ranch at Bumble Bee, Arizona. The night of October 26 all the cowboys, three wives and a little daughter gathered in this thick-walled stone house for what they called the All American Cowboy supper.

And one Sunday Ray and his wife Margo (Ray is the youngest cowboy here and a mighty good one) and I went to Prescott to visit Fay Ward but he had passed away. This bronc buster died in August. He was born in Ackley, Iowa on October 8, 1887. So this old-time cowboy was 92. We had a nice visit with his wife Martha Jo. She is a wonderful person. She told us that Fay was working on a book to be entitled "Once A Cowboy, Always A Cowboy." She wept as she told us this and so did we. Also something about "Cowboys in Jackpots" to be published.

Then we went over and visited Mrs. George Phippen. She is a very wonderful lady and graciously showed us through the three-story home-gallery. I never saw such an array of artwork before. She related much information about George and wanted us to help her make some decisions about the cowboy angle of some of his unfinished

The Calgary Stampede, 1912. Charles Russell is fifth from right on the front row, and his wife is fourth from left, also on the front row.

Courtesy George Campbell, Penticton, B.C.

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works. Imagine that.

When I go to Phoenix I want to look up Maurice Kildare. Jerry, the cow boss, knows him. While riding on the roundup the other day just north of the ghost town of Tip Top, Jerry told me about Maurice and of his helping out on some mining details as he's worked this country for many years. Kildare's stories in your magazines are tops. — Red (Lassiter) Hoyle, Black Canyon Ranch, Crown King Route, Mayer, Arizona 86333

We published an article "Cowboys in Jackpots" by Fay Ward in the March '79 issue, which we understood was excerpted from a book manuscript still in preparation. We don't know if Fay lived to see the book published.

Wedding Keepsake

I have had a copper engraved plate for over fifteen years. It is six inches in diameter and as far as I can tell this is written on it:

"Mr. Thomas W. Quillun announces the marriage of his sister Elizabeth Helen to Dr. Henery J. John, Wednesday the Twelfth of December, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, Cleveland."

I used to buy copper in the Granite, New Mexico area and picked this up somewhere there. Perhaps some descendants of these people might be interested in the plate. — Scott Tarver, Box 2J, Pie Town, New Mexico 87827

Quinsby

E.H. Quinsby ordered a .38-.40 S.A.A. Colt from the Colt factory around 1922. It was shipped to Blish, Mize & Silliman Hardware Company, Atchison, Kansas. I am an arms collector and try to trace the history of the owner of the arms I collect. Any information on E.H. Quinsby or the name Quinsby, will be appreciated. — William K. Bates, U.S.N. Ret., P.O. Box 488, Fredonia, Arizona 86022

Anyone for the Old CCC?

The Marines are looking for a few good men. I am looking for three million. Many of us wondered what happened to the men who served in the Civilian Conservation Corps from 1933 to 1942. Last summer some 500 former members of the CCC from 39 states met at the VFW Hall in West Sacramento, California and organized the National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni (NACCA). Anyone who served in the CCC in any capacity is eligible to join. For details please write me. — Jack Vincent, 1709 Michigan, West Sacramento, California 95691

Ex-Coloradoans

I got a box of your magazines at a garage sale recently. In the July 1975 issue of *Frontier Times* I read "Last Wilson Creek Roundup" by Paul Huntley. I believe this area is near where my father and his family lived about the time of World War I. They lived on a ranch at Parkdale, Colorado.

My grandfather was Franklin (Frank) Powers. At times he took out hunting parties. He lost his left arm in a farm accident. My mother was born in a sod house at Vernon, Colorado in 1910.

If anyone remembers my grandfather or my father, Llewllyn Powers, I would like to hear from them. You have a really interesting magazine. — Duane O. Powers, 6840 Main Street, Cuyler, New York 13050

Survey Letters

Our sincere thanks to everyone who took time to fill out our recent questionaire. We've learned a lot about you and what you like. Of course we've always known that the majority of our readers hadn't learned about the West from a book — they had lived it. A few random sentences added to the questionaires are given as an example:

"At eight years of age I was taken into the Yakima Tribe at White Swan, Washington and my Indian name is Little Bear King."

"My father served on the jury of Judge Parker's court at Fort Smith, Arkansas. I've carried mail by horseback in the Ozark Mountains, rode after cattle, drove 4-up teams, camped out, been in cyclones — all this in western Arkansas and east and central Oklahoma."

"My grandfather fought in the Indian Wars. Coming home he and three other fellows were captured by Indians who took all their stuff, gave them a head start and chased them, but they got away. My grandfather left the state of Illinois with some Mormons. He and some of them settled in northern Minnesota in 1876. The rest went to Utah. My grandmother was a cousin to President Garfield."

"I was born in Indian Territory near the Kansas line. I came to Texas by spring wagon in 1909; it took three months. We landed at Flour Bluff (now Corpus Christi Naval Base) and lived on an island in the bay for a while. Life has been exciting and not at all easy."

"I was born in a log house in Indian Territory seventy-five years ago. My dad was a cowboy and freighter in the Territory when there were no fences — all free range. He was held up by the Dalton boys but they wouldn't take his saddle horse. Emmett Dalton visited him in the 1930s."

There were notes from other parts of the country. In some cases the readers had never been West, but the frontier is in their blood just the same.

We appreciated hearing from every single one of you.

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The HORRELL Brothers of Lampasas

By BILL O'NEAL

Map provided by author

A century ago the rolling hills of Lampasas County, Texas echoed to the gunfire of a range war. The leader of one faction was rancher-gunman Pink Higgins; his adversaries were Mart, Tom, Sam, and Merritt Horrell. Two other Horrell brothers, John and Ben, were shot to death in New Mexico. The six Horrell boys were cattlemen by profession, but by nature they were troublemakers who would be surrounded by violence throughout their volatile lifetimes.

The senior Sam Horrell brought his six sons and the rest of the clan to a spread a few miles northeast of Lampasas on Lucy Creek during the 1850s. The Horrells were from the Arkansas Ozarks, and the swarthy, well-built brothers were full of the legendary feudist tendencies attributed to hill people. The Horrell boys practiced frequently with firearms, and when they reached adulthood they readily found opportunities to use their guns.

Mart, Tom, and Sam were old enough to fight with Terry's Texas Ranger Brigade during the Civil War. By the time they returned home their father had died, so the brothers took charge of the family cattle operation, at times combining their herd with the stock of neighbor Pink Higgins.

John Horrell soon left home, migrating to Las Cruces, New Mexico. John became the first of the brothers to die violently, falling in an obscure gunfight in Las Cruces. He was not to be the last.

In 1873 the Horrell boys' brother-in-law, Bill Bowen, sought refuge with the family from a murder charge. Bowen sometimes used the alias Clint Barkley, and had a deserved reputation as a hardcase, but the brothers clannishly determined to back him.

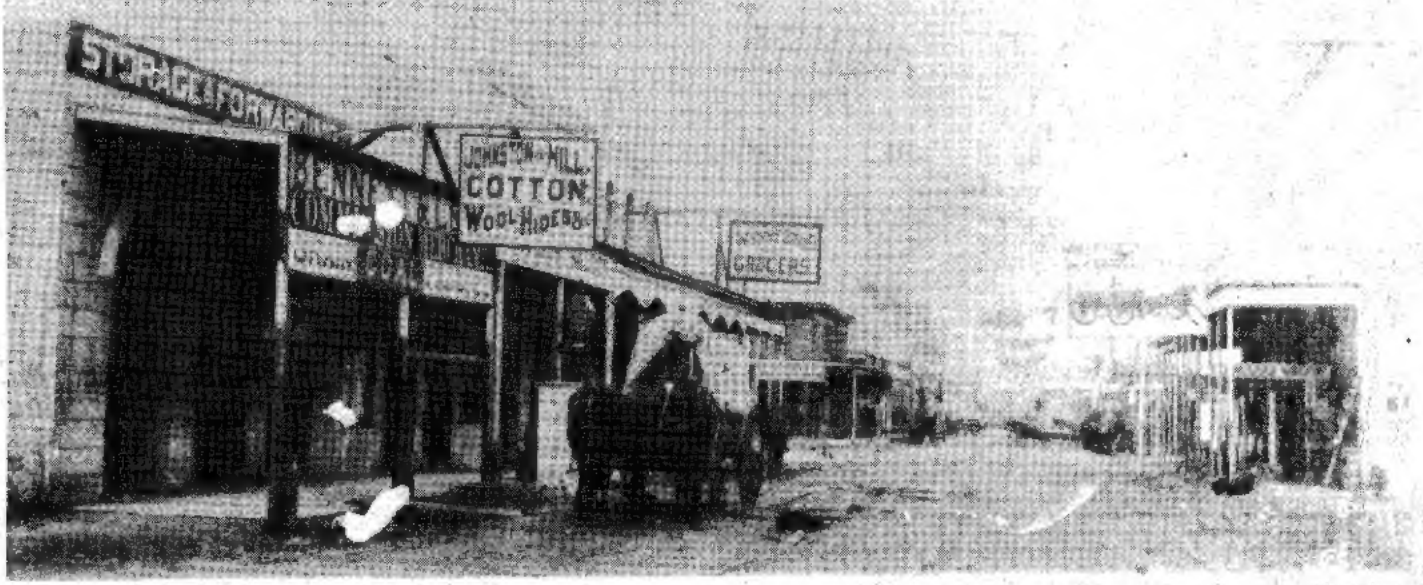
The Horrells, along with other area cattlemen, indulged themselves frequently in drunken sprees in the saloons that lined the Lampasas courthouse square. Lampasas was well on its way to becoming known as the "Saratoga of the South" because of the waters of Sulphur Creek, and townspeople became concerned that roistering cowboys might deter their resort business. An appeal was sent to Governor E. J. Davis in Austin, sixty-five miles distant.

Davis was the Reconstruction Governor who had created the widely detested State Police, a force which was loathed in great part because many of its members were black. Captain Thomas Williams and seven men were directed to quell the general lawlessness in Lampasas. They arrived in mid-afternoon, March 19, 1873.

The policemen tied their animals to live oak trees clustered in the plaza and a Negro officer was detailed to stay with the mounts while Williams led the rest to Jerry Scott's Matador Saloon. The Matador was located in a limestone building one door from the north end of the west side of the square.

Third Street in Lampasas, Texas, 1883.

Courtesy Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University, Lubbock



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When the Rangers went to get them, the local sheriff warned, "These men have never been arrested, and it is my honest opinion they cannot be."

On the road into town Williams, who had been drinking throughout the day, remarked to a passerby named John Means that he intended "to clean up on those damned Horrell boys." As Williams strolled through the batwing doors he got the chance to fulfill his threat. Mart, Tom, and Merritt Horrell, along with Bill Bowen and a dozen other cowboys, were lounging inside. A game of billiards was underway in one corner and a fiddle and banjo provided music, but all eyes suspiciously shifted to the lawmen as they entered.

Williams approached the bar, ordered drinks, then boldly addressed Bowen. "I believe you have a six-shooter," he said, nodding at the wanted man's holstered revolver. "I arrest you."

"Bill," snapped Mart Horrell, "you have done nothing and need not be arrested if you don't want to."

Captain Williams responded by whipping out a six-gun and pumping a slug into Mart, whereupon Tom, Merritt, and several others also opened fire. The narrow room quickly became hazy with white smoke, but the cattlemen found their targets.

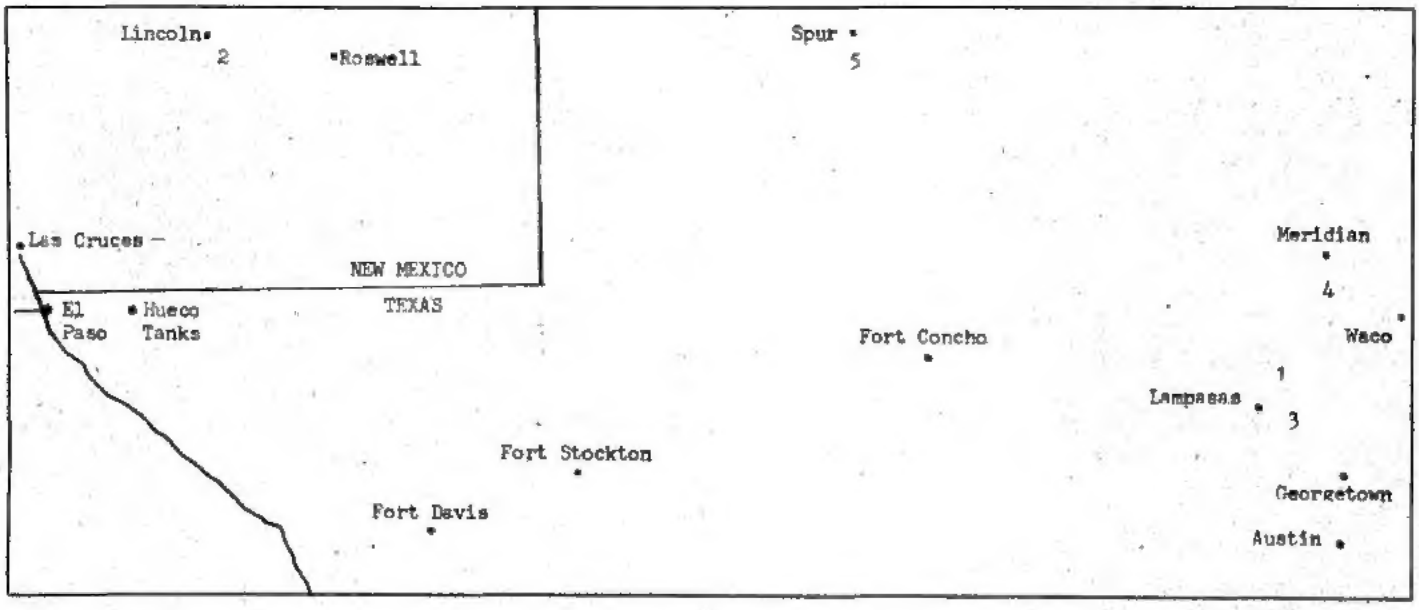
Williams and officer T. M. Daniels slumped to the floor, mortally wounded. Policemen William Cherry and Andrew Melville broke for the door, but Cherry was killed as he stepped outside and Melville was hit when he sprinted away. Melville managed to stagger to the Huling Hotel, where he later expired. Two policemen who had not yet entered the saloon disappeared when the shooting started, and the man watching their horses vaulted onto his mount and galloped toward Austin.

Merritt and Tom carried their wounded brother to their mother's house a block away, then joined their fellow gunmen in heading for the open range.

This time Governor Davis dispatched the State Police to Lampasas in force, but they were only able to find Jerry Scott, the bedridden Mart Horrell, and two cowboys named Allen Whitecraft and James Grizzell. These four men were hauled off to confinement in Georgetown, twenty-five miles north of Austin, and Mart's wife was permitted to nurse the wounded man in his cell.

The Horrells had determined to rescue their jailed comrades and then leave the country, and over the next few weeks they directed their men and families in rounding up stock, packing

(Continued on page 42)



1. Horrell range prior to 1873; the Higgins ranch was nearby.

2. Horrell lease in New Mexico, where a posse besieged the Texans.

3. Horrell range after return from New Mexico; Battle Branch was midway between ranch and Lampasas.

4. Murder of J.F. Vaughn, May 28, 1878.

5. Higgins' ranch after he left Lampasas County.

John Horrell was killed in LAS CRUCES.

GEORGETOWN was the scene of the jailbreak in 1873.

Ben Horrell and others were killed in LINCOLN.

LAMPASAS was the site of the Matador Saloon shootings and the gunbattle in the square.

The fight at HUECO TANKS produced seven dead.

Mart and Tom Horrell were lynched in MERIDIAN.

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By MARIAN B. WHITE

When Meriwether Lewis, of Lewis and Clark fame, died from gunshot wounds on October 11, 1809 in a remote Tennessee tavern, there was no apparent reason to doubt the verdict of suicide. But in time an opinion claiming murder developed and gained wide support. The result has been copious debate, nourished by views reliable and otherwise.

The consensus now is that unless new evidence turns up, no one can be sure of what exactly happened. Yet I would like to propose that we might settle the matter — through existing facts heretofore underestimated.

Lewis was thirty-five when he died, a bachelor. He was governor of the Upper Louisiana Territory, a three-year office conferred on him in 1807 by President Thomas Jefferson after his exploration to the Pacific Ocean in 1804-06 with co-leader William Clark. During the summer of 1809, Gov. Lewis' fiscal accounts were questioned and his drafts rejected by the Federal Treasury. Mortified by the censure and knowing the slow communication between Washington and the territorial capital of St. Louis, he decided to plead his case in person.

On August 18, 1809, Lewis wrote ahead to Secretary of War, William Eustis: "I have been informed Representations have been made against me, — all I wish is a full and fair investigation. I anxiously wish that this may reach you in time to prevent any decision relative to me . . . I find it impossible at this moment, to explain by letter, and to do away by written explanations, the impressions which I fear, from the tenor of your letter, the Government entertain with respect to me, and shall therefore go on by the way of New Orleans to the City of Washington with all dispatch . . . I shall take with me my papers . . . "

Governor Lewis left St. Louis on September 4, 1809, accompanied by his creole servant, John Pernier, who had been in Jefferson's employ during the President's first administration

Courtesy Library of Congress.

Meriwether Lewis. Was his death by his own hand or by that of another?

Meriwether Lewis wandered through his last great wilderness very aware of its dangers — and probably very certain of his entrapment . .

A GREAT EXPLORER'S

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and was later hired by Lewis. Traveling down the Mississippi by flatboat, they reached Ft. Pickering army post at Chickasaw Bluffs (now Memphis Tennessee) on September 15 and were obliged to remain for two weeks since Lewis was incapacitated by fever with episodes of delirium. The boat crew claimed he had twice attempted to kill himself, once nearly successfully.

While recuperating, the young governor learned that British ships were harassing the port of New Orleans, and that the prospect of war appeared imminent. Fearing capture and the inevitable confiscation of his vouchers and unpublished journals from the Pacific Expedition, he cancelled plans to continue his trip by sea and decided to proceed instead by land. Lewis had every cause to trust the information and personnel at the fort, since as a lieutenant in the First United States Infantry Regiment, he had been in charge of a company there in 1797. Furthermore, the commanding officer, Captain Gilbert C. Russell of the Fifth Infantry, was an old army friend of his.

Major James Neelly, Chickasaw Indian agent, was concerned enough about the pale and shaky governor to go with him as far as Nashville, where Neelly had business. Later, Neelly commented that Lewis had repeatedly complained about a bill for public expense that had been rejected by the Secretary of War, William Eustis. (In fact, Eustis' financial policies were at the time so tight-fisted that the nation was inadequately prepared for what was called "Mr. Madison's War," the War of 1812, and Eustis was forced to resign; but in 1809 was still exercising vast, often querulous, authority.) After the Lewis party had traveled by horseback along the Natchez Trace for over a week, on the morning of October 10 in a violent thunderstorm, two pack animals bolted, carrying the documents Lewis needed to vindicate himself. Neelly, familiar with the terrain, volunteered to round up the animals while Lewis pushed on with Pernier and Neelly's Negro slave, Tom, to shelter at the nearest inn — a lodging that turned out to be Griner's Stand, seventy miles southwest of Nashville.

Situated in a clearing of oaks and maples, it had been erected a year earlier by Robert Griner, who also owned farmland sixteen miles from the tavern. The inn consisted of double cabins joined by a breezeway. When Lewis arrived on the evening of the 10th, Griner was apparently busy at his farm, and Mrs. Griner, with her very young daughter and two slave children, had been left in charge of the stand.

When Major Neelly reached Griner's the next morning with only one of the mules, he was stunned to hear that Lewis had shot himself just before dawn and had died as the sun rose. No one was reported to have witnessed the shooting because Mrs. Griner and the children occupied the smaller cabin, and the servants slept in the hayloft of a stable approximately a hundred yards away. But the sequence of events recounted by Mrs. Griner to Neelly seemed plausible in light of the occurrences at Ft. Pickering, and Lewis was buried in a meadow near the trail.

A week later, on October 18, Neelly wrote from Nashville to former President Thomas Jefferson, who had been like a father to Lewis: "It is with extreme pain that I have to inform you of the death of His Excellency Meriwether Lewis, Governor of Upper Louisiana who died on the morning of the 11th Instant [October] and I am sorry to say by Suicide."

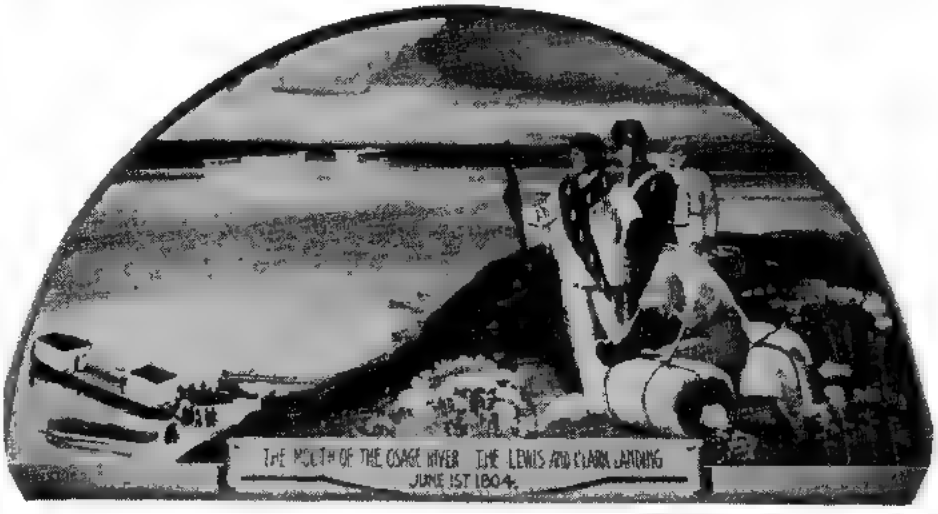
He then dispatched John Pernier by horseback to Monticello, Jefferson's elegant residence in Virginia, where Pernier verbally confirmed Neelly's written statement. Jefferson is known to have accepted the account without reservation. In fact, he wrote Capt. Gilbert Russell: "He (Lewis) was much afflicted & habitually so with hypochondria. This was probably increased by the habit into which he had fallen (intemperance) & the painful reflections that would necessarily produce in a mind like his."

On October 20, 1809, the Democratic Clarion of Nashville praised Lewis with these words: "In the death of Governor Lewis, the public behold the wreck of one of the noblest men. He was a pupil of the immortal Jefferson, by him he was reared, by him he was instructed . . . by him he was introduced to public life . . . "

However, a more personal expression of shock is found in William Clark's October 28 letter to his older brother, Jonathan, just after reading a newspaper in Shelbyville, Kentucky: "I fear O! I fear the weight of his mind has overcome him. . . . "

Seven months later Alexander Wilson, a noted ornithologist, journeyed to Tennessee for purposes of locating Lewis' grave and acquiring further information about his death. He and Lewis had become acquainted in 1807 at the Philadelphia home of Alexander Lawson, an engraver and boyhood friend from Wilson's native town of Paisley, Scotland. Lawson's daughter, Malvina, remarked that Lewis and Wilson were much alike — reserved in company, but keenly alert and aware. It was Lewis' desire that Wilson make drawings of the new bird specimens he had brought back from the Far West for inclusion in the publication of the journals.

News of the tragedy in Tennessee



Missouri State Capitol mural, Jefferson City.

Photo by Walker — Div. of Com. and Ind. Dev; State Historical Society of Missouri.

FINAL HOURS

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did not break in Philadelphia until November 11, a month after it happened. Details were scant and rumors rife of Lewis' alleged dishonesty, since for security reasons the War Department had not immediately announced his death.

In the Mississippi River area there was an explosiye situation known as the Terre aux Boeufs Scandal. It horrified the nation, resulting in suppression of bulletins to the East Coast. The Commander-in-Chief, General James Wilkinson, was recalled to appear before a board of inquiry to explain why he had disobeyed orders to relocate to higher ground his badly-chosen, defense cantonment in the fever-laden swamps below New Orleans.

Meanwhile, drainage ditches full of sewage were overflowing the camp. Local food contracts supplied putrid meat. Scores of soldiers were dead or dying; some had deserted. Captain Winfield Scott had been imprisoned on trumped-up charges by Wilkinson for openly denouncing the pompous general in hopes of a court-martial which would reveal the suffering of his men.

This entire debacle was a consequence of Wilkinson's refusal to admit his initial error in selecting the site, plus his profiteering from the corruption involved. Worse still, he was suspected of treason as an agent in the pay of Spain. One hundred years later proof would come from Spanish archives, labeling him Agent Number Thirteen, and Theodore Roosevelt subsequently described him as the "most despicable" soldier in our history. Amid the hysteria that prevailed at the time, there was fear that Meriwether Lewis might have been in collusion. Alexander Wilson was disturbed that no official investigation of Lewis' death had been conducted. Aside from a flurry of eulogies, the country's most celebrated explorer was rapidly slipping into oblivion. Lewis had attained the brilliance of a meteor in the eyes of the republic for his bold penetration of the unknown. Now, with the charge of suicide and presumed disloyalty, he plummeted from the pinnacle of adulation at an astonishing speed, and Wilson resolved to discover for himself what had really happened.

Early on a Sunday morning, May 6, 1810, he arrived at Griner's Stand, turned his horse into the clearing, and dismounted. A man was chopping wood behind the two cabins built at right angles. Wilson went over and explained that he was a friend of Gov. Lewis and had come to see his grave. Sullenly the man beckoned Wilson to follow him and, stopping where the meadow joined the trail, pointed to an earthen mound. A few wooden rails were loosely piled across it. Wilson bowed his head in anguish. To the east, the sun was cresting a ridge on the other side of a rock chasm stained red with iron ore. Its light through the new green of live-oaks and maples splashed lacy patterns on the forest floor.

Slowly Wilson straightened and drew from his pocket a sum of money, giving it to the burly innkeeper and requesting that he erect a post fence

The Natchez Trace — final journey of Meriwether Lewis.

Courtesy U S Dept of the Interior Nat'l Park Service

Courtesy Library of Congress.

William Clark, the other half of the famed exploration team.

around the burial site to protect it from hogs and wolves. Griner promised to take care of the matter, and Wilson then asked if he might be told the circumstances of his friend's final hours. Griner muttered he had been away harvesting the night of October 10, but that the "missus" had been here. In silence they walked back to the main cabin, where Griner left for a moment to talk briefly with his wife.

In case the woman proved to be as taciturn as her husband, Wilson quickly armed himself with some questions while he looked around the single room with its large fireplace and bed against the opposite wall. According to reports, Lewis had shot himself before the hearth where Wilson now stood, and it was in this very bed that he had died.

Mrs. Griner entered the open door. Wilson soon discovered that he didn't need to ask any questions. She poured forth her recital of the traumatic night as though she had rehearsed it many times, with the nearby grave a daily reminder.

She said that a gentleman (Lewis) rode up alone at sunset, just after a storm. Remaining in his saddle, he had asked if he could stay for the night. She told him he could but explained that since her husband was absent, there would be no one to take care of his horse. He replied that his servants would be along soon and attend to it. Wearily he got down and carried his saddle inside. She described him as tall, lean, wearing a blue-striped dust cape over his clothing, long hair tied in a queue, deepset gray eyes, a handsome man though pale and haggard. He had called for some whiskey, sipping only a little, she remembered.

Presently his servants had arrived at the clearing. One was a Negro and the other, a swarthy foreigner. Lewis had asked them for a canister of gunpowder that he was sure must be handy, but the Creole had only mumbled in reply and led the horses to the stable.

She had then started supper in the smaller cabin which served as their kitchen. While waiting, the gentleman paced before the door in an angry manner. Several times he had approached as if wishing to speak with her, only to wheel around and stride away. Once she heard him say, "They have told lies on me and want to ruin me."

When she brought his food and placed it on the table, he sat down, but after a few mouthfuls leaped up as if in a fit, his face flushed. Calming himself quickly, he finished his dinner. He then turned his chair toward the west and lit his pipe. After smoking for awhile he said in a soft voice, 'Madam, this is a very pleasant evening."

A little later, he rose suddenly and resumed the earlier frantic pacing, traversing the whole yard. Once again he seated himself, relit and smoked his pipe. Looking wistfully at the wet autumn leaves glistening gold and red in the fading light, he remarked what a sweet evening it was.

At dusk Mrs. Griner entered his room to make up the bed, but he had stopped her, saying he would sleep on the floor and ordering his servant to bring bearskins and a buffalo robe. Before leaving, she saw him checking his pistols by candlelight. This, in addition to his strange behavior, had alarmed her, so she took the three children into the other cabin and locked the door. Unable to sleep, she heard him pacing back and forth, talking to himself, hour after hour.

About 3 a.m., she heard a shot, followed by a thud, the words, "O Lord," and another explosion. Then he was at her door, fumbling with the latch and crying, "O, Madam, give me some water and heal my wounds." Terrified, she did not respond.

Peering through the unchinked logs of her cabin, she saw him in moonlight stagger against a tree stump under the breezeway and crawl to the water bucket. With great effort, he managed to lower the dipper into the bucket, but it was empty because she had forgotten to fill it.

At dawn she sent the two slave

(Continued on page 45)

JIM COLLIER— 101 RANCH SHOWMAN

By NEMA ANDERSON

Photos provided by author

Jim believed he was the last of the original group of performers.

On a rainy day in May 1891, Noah Collier paced between his covered wagon and a haystack where his eight children huddled. Noah had expected to reach his father-in-law's home in Oklahoma Territory before the birth of the baby, but Susannah's time came as they crossed the Missouri stateline. After the lusty cry of a newborn infant heralded the arrival of James P. (Jim) Collier, the family resumed its journey.

Susannah's father, Thomas George, had established a brick-works at the big springs where the town of Enid later incorporated. Thus Noah's family would be in good hands while he rejoined Zack and Joe Miller for another mule-trading venture. The three bought Louisiana-bred mules, the big black white-nosed animals favored by Mojave Desert freighters, then drove them to Bakersfield, California where they brought a premium price. Noah's association with the Miller Brothers and their 101 Ranch would later stand young Jim in good stead.

Meanwhile Jim found much to interest a boy. Osage and Cherokee Indians lived nearby in tipis, and Indian boys made good playmates. Susannah worried that he spent too much time at the Indian villages, and worse yet, probably ate dog meat with them. Jim repeatedly had to assure his squeamish mother that the kettles simmering over Indian cookfires really held very good fare.

Baseball was a popular sport in the Territory. Spade Cooley's father and uncles — owners of the lumberyard and agency for farm implements — played on Enid's team. With baseballs usually in short supply, boys such as Jim and Spade "pigtailed" the outfield. When the Enid and Oologah teams played, the families of Judge Rogers and Noah Collier, long-time friends, visited each other. This boyhood association with Will Rogers was the beginning of Jim's lasting friendship with America's well-loved humorist.

Jim was eleven years old when the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, in anticipation of the Territory's admittance to statehood, started building toward Enid. Noah got the contract to build a bridge across Enid's wash, and Jim was with him the day two horsemen ambushed him under the bridge. The bandits shot Noah, grabbed the payroll, and fled. His father's body, the back of his head shot away, fell into Jim's arms. In shock, Jim tried to push the bloodied brains back into the skull.

Others of the Collier family met violent deaths equally macabre. Jim's

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As did many of his relatives, Jim's sister Sarah Mae experienced a violent death.

brother and sister-in-law, Mack and Stella Collier, were murdered in their sleep. Bandits chloroformed them, rifled their house, then set it afire, leaving the unconscious couple to burn to death.

Jim's sister and her husband, Sarah Mae and Harry Murphy, also were killed in their bed. Murphy's brother, who had an ungovernable temper when drinking, quarreled with him one day, then returned that night with a shotgun. Sarah Mae died instantly, but her husband, his arm almost severed with shot, might not have bled to death had the killer not barred the door to prevent a young niece from going for help. This murderer did pay after a fashion, for the grisly crime. He served time in prison, was released, and later was killed when struck by a train.

The killers of Noah Collier and of Mack and Stella were never caught, but Jim did see the Territory freed of one murderous desperado. After a rancher reported seeing a wanted man holed up at Red Shale Hill, Jim rode out with Sheriff Campbell to arrest him. The outlaw elected to shoot it out, and was killed. The sheriff tied the body onto the horse of the lighter-weight kid for a triumphant return to town.

If Susannah's young son's association with Indians troubled her, this outlaw chasing upset her even more. Both she and Jim were edgy with the grief of Noah's death, and following a quarrel Jim ran away from home. A cowhand from the 101 Ranch found the lad trudging along the road and took him to the ranch.

At the big sprawling 101, Jim at first opened and closed gates for the riders, or helped the cook and blacksmith. Then one day the famed black bulldogger, Bill Pickett, asked him: "You ever ride a buckin' hoss, kid?"

At Jim's embarrassed answer, Pickett rolled his eyes in mock dismay.

"Doggone!" he said. "You're fourteen years old. We gotta learn you to break hosses."

Pickett was a persistent taskmaster; riding beside Jim, he would push him back into the saddle time after time until he learned how to stick to the back of a bucking horse.

Zack Miller had discovered Pickett at Fort Worth, and promptly hired him. Roping and tying contests were becoming such an attraction at the ranch that the Miller Brothers decided to put together a Wild West Show and go on the road.

In June 1905, the Millers invited the National Editorial Association to the ranch for a roundup. It was a gala four-day event. Special trains were put together for the run to Ponca City, and 64,000 people — including Ponca Indians who came dressed in their colorful regalia — watched such celebrated champions as Lucille Mulhall perform. Geronimo, however, gained most of the attention. The once feared Apache chieftain, brought under guard from Fort Sill, killed the buffalo supplied by Charles Goodnight for the barbecue.

Jim went on the road with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. A versatile performer, he team-tied in the cowboy exhibitions, donned a feathered headdress for Indian tableaux, and entertained with rope tricks between acts. When the 1908 show headlined the celebrated girl bronc buster, Bertha Thompson, and the champion rifle shot, Wenona, Jim's head was the one from which Wenona shot an apple. Smitten with puppy love for the older girl, Jim would have offered his heart for a target had Wenona asked.

While touring with the 101 and similar shows, Jim came to know many of the famous — as well as the infamous — personalities of the Old West. He worked one season with Emmett Dalton. The Dalton gang had been shot up when they robbed the Coffeyville, Kansas, banks in 1892. Bob and Grat Dalton were killed. Emmett, with a bullet hole in his left lung, was captured and sent to prison. Becoming tubercular, he was released in 1907. "They didn't want me dyin' on 'em," he explained to Jim.

Jim Collier and Emmett traveled to county fairs and public gatherings to sell autographed pictures of Emmett. In Oklahoma they stopped over to visit Frank James — the Daltons and the Jameses were cousins, and Jim had worked in the same show with Frank. Frank then lived with his mother, Zerelda Samuels. She later boarded a train, intending to visit her grandson, Jesse James, Jr., who had a concession in the Kansas City depot. She apparently had a heart attack, and died on the train. As her death was not discovered until later, the issuance of a death certificate was delayed while the different states determined where the train had been at the time.

With a widowed mother, Jim could ill afford to loaf in winter quarters with show crews. He hustled various off-season jobs and several times delivered cattle to the Kansas City and

An advertising poster for the 101 Ranch Show.

After World War I, Lindbergh asked Jim to help in the building of the Spirit of St. Louis, probably at an airstrip much like this one in old Los Angeles.

Chicago stockyards. Ranchers who shipped by rail hired Jim to see that the stock was fed and watered, and prevented from piling up in the cars and crippling themselves. Jim recalled being in Kansas City with a load of cattle in 1910, at the time of Halley's Comet, and saw people milling in fear at the sight.

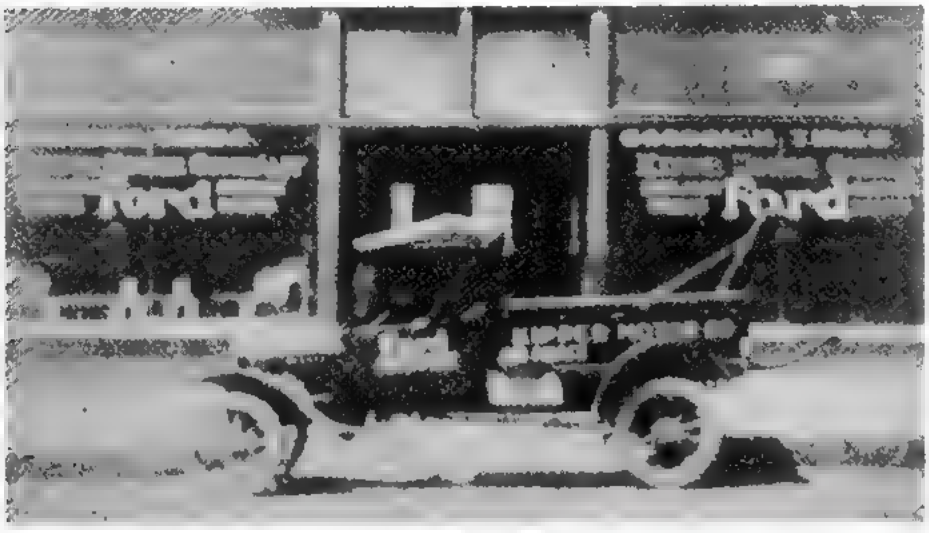
One year he drove a herd of horses for the J.C. Butcher Horse and Mule Company from Iola, Kansas to Muskogee, Oklahoma. With the creeks high and a bell mare that balked at swimming, Jim felt relieved to reach Muskogee one evening with all thirty-nine head. After turning them into a feed corral, he went to get his supper. As Jim came out of the restaurant, a man sprang at him with a knife. Knocked down by the onslaught, he took further punishment from the spurred boots his assailant wore.

The approach of a wagon put the man to flight, and Jim never learned the reason for the attack, although he supposed the man had mistaken him for someone else. The Indian driving the wagon took Jim to an encampment. There a young woman drew together the cuts on his face and applied wet moss. This crude poultice, when dry, held as effectively as stitches. A stab wound, though, had pierced his chin and tongue. When he began to choke, the Indians called in a medicine man. The native healer fashioned a head splint of sticks and thongs, to which he affixed a piece of bark for a tongue depressor. By morning, the swelling had gone, and in time Jim had only a tiny scar to remind him of the experience.

The two leading Wild West Shows, Buffalo Bill's and the Miller Brothers', had been in financial straits for some time when, in an effort to recoup, they joined their shows for the 1916-17 season. Jim toured with them that year, and headed the Grand Entry. Colorfully costumed, he would gallop into the ring on a big black charger with fancy trappings. While the band played the National Anthem and the audience stood at attention, Jim would present the United States flag to open the day's performance. It was a heady role for a young fellow, and Buffalo Bill took Jim to task for "getting too

Ernest Tubbs was one of Jim's many entertainer friends.

In order to stay in Sioux City, Iowa while he courted Evelyn Sutton, Jim worked at Kipper Motors. Evelyn was to become Jim's wife of 60 years.



smart-alecky."

"I can still tan your britches, kid," the old scout would threaten.

After the show folded, Jim went down to the Mexican border where he was a teamster for the 13th Cavalry. It was during the border trouble with Pancho Villa that Jim first saw aircraft used for military purposes. Flying a plance seemed a better job than wrestling with four-line teams of mules in heat and dust. With World War I brewing, Jim enlisted in the regular Army. He served as an aircraft mechanic, but as it was then the custom for a mechanic after working on a plane to take it up for testing, Jim also

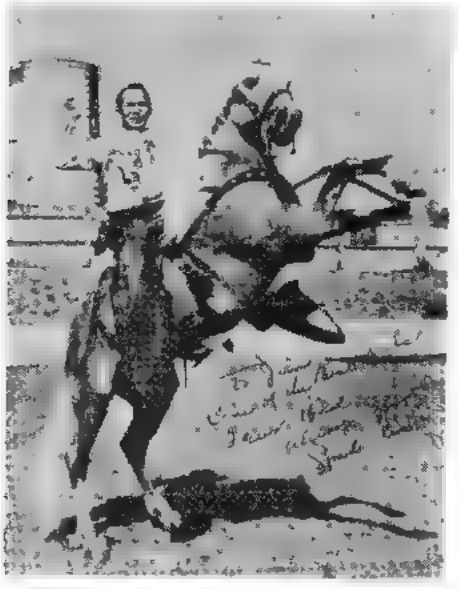
learned to fly.

After the war, Jim stopped over in Chicago on his way home. Finding a sneak thief in his hotel room one night, he threw a punch that sent the man flying out an open window. Afraid that the fall had killed him, Jim ran to the depot shoved a handful of bills at a startled agent, and said: "Give me a ticket for as far as this'll carry me!"

This ticket changed the course of Jim's life, for it took him to Sioux City, Iowa and to the girl who was to be his wife for sixty happy years.

In order to stay in Sioux City while he courted Evelyn Sutton, Jim worked at Kipper Motors. Will Rogers played an engagement at the theatre during this interval. Stepin Fetchit then traveled with Will — it was his earlier "step-and-fetch-it" association with Will that led the lanky black entertainer to Hollywood and his unforgettable grin-and-shuffle roles in motion pictures.

Jim and Stepin were killing time one night while waiting for Will. Stepin, seeing a policeman approach, said, "Let's have some fun." He picked up a rock and motioned as if to throw it at a jewelry store window. In a matter of minutes the pair found themselves behind bars. Will Rogers managed to convince the local constabulary that the two were merely harmless pranksters, but first he let them cool their heels awhile.



Jim often appeared with western bands Spade Cooley (above) led one of these bands.

Will had been in Chicago shortly after Jim's hasty departure, and could give him the good news that Jim's thief had landed unhurt on a canvas awning. Upon learning that he wasn't a murderer, Jim felt free to ask Evelyn to marry him.

Will Rogers once bailed Jim out of jail, but first he let him cool his heels awhile This is a portrait of Will in his Sunset Boulevard ranch home.

The newlyweds moved to Los Angeles. Southern California's motion picture industry had attracted many of Jim's roadshow friends and acquaintances. Some, such as Tom Mix and Buck Jones, starred in Westerns; others worked as stunt men or extras. When sound pictures, radio and, eventually, television provided opportunities for Western singers and musicians, these newcomers joined the Colliers' circle of show-business friends. Spade Cooley brought his band to Hollywood and resumed his boyhood association with Jim, whom he called "Pappy." The name was not exactly a misnomer, for Spade's personal problems were such that he could confide them only to an older, trusted friend.

But primarily Jim's reason for the moving to California was the interest in aviation that mushroomed at Los Angeles and San Diego following the war. When Charles A. Lindbergh built the Spirit of St. Louis, he called on Jim for help.

Will Rogers was an enthusiastic booster of the pioneer aircraft industry, and an admirer of Lindbergh. During the two days the "Lone Eagle" winged his way across the Atlantic Ocean, Will's "pieces for the papers" departed from their usual humor. In September 1927, after his five months' tour, Lindbergh brought the famous plane back to San Diego. Again, Will's syndicated column adopted a serious vein.

In telling how the flyer gave recognition to the plane's builders, Will wrote: "When he taxied up to the hangar, and got out, there was workmen and helpers that had built the plane, men who had known him for the two months while it was being built, and maybe you think he dident sorter hurriedly pass us old reception committee by to grab those old boys by the hand and tell them what the old boat had done . . ."

Eight years later Jim saw Rogers off for the flight with Wiley Post that took their lives. As he boarded the plane, Will — remembering that Jim planned a trip to Death Valley, — handed him a key to the Will Rogers' room at Furnace Creek Inn.

Jim Collier lived a full and adventurous life. When he died in 1978 at age eighty-seven, it was believed that he was the last of the original 101 Ranch Wild West Show performers.

Roy Rogers makes friends with Dennis Collier, Jim's and Evelyn's grandson.

WAR DRUMS

By GEORGE HUNTER

This adventure was taken from REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER, Memoirs of a Pacific Northwest Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout Colonel George Hunter. Pub shed in 1887 by H. S. Crocker and Company, San Francisco. Other episodes will ap pear in chronolog ca order.

As this episode opens, George Hunter is recuperating in Mt. Idaho from a pistol wound inflicted in anger by a fellow officer. Most of the other "hospital" patients had been laid low by Indians.

Hunter's respite will be brief because of a report that General Howard needs help at Kamai and that Hunter's Oregon Volunteers are wavering in their duty.

Honorable L.P. Brown's hotel at Mt. Idaho was the hospital. Doctor Morris (now of Lewiston) was the physican in charge. The nurses were attentive, careful and kind, and the citizens of the place seemed to vie with each other in their attention to the wounded. Doctor Morris deserves special mention for his kindness and surgical skill; while Brown seemed worried for fear something might be left undone that might in some way lessen the sufferings of the wounded and the homeless.

I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel toward those good people for the many kindnesses they showed me while I was an inmate of their hospital.

I conversed with many other of the inmates, and heard many sad and revolting accounts of the atrocities perpetrated by the Indians when they first demonstrated their "abilities" and "attainments." I shall mention a few as I can recall them to memory, though after a lapse of ten years my memory may be faulty in some instances. Mrs. Ben Norton, who was lying there with a gunshot-wound in each leg, related somewhat as follows:

About the first act of the Indiians, at the outbreak, was the mortally wounding of Lew Day (an old timer in this country, and an old friend of mine), while he was traveling on the road near the Cottonwood House, of which her husband was the proprietor. Day managed to work his way to the Cottonwood House, where he reported the happening and probabilities to Ben Norton, who soon concluded to take his family and Day to Mt. Idaho, seventeen miles away, that being the nearest place of safety, where a doctor could be found to dress Day's wounds.

Norton's household consisted of Mrs. Norton, a little boy and Mrs. N.'s sister (a young lady), and, I believe, another woman with some children. There were also two or three men stopping with him at the time. I am not positive as to the latter statement. But, at any rate, Norton hastily hitched up a team and started with the wounded man and the women, accompanied by the men who happened to be there.

It was afternoon when they started. The road, for the most part of the seventeen miles, lay across a level prairie, and they drove as fast as they could till they got within a few miles of Mt. Idaho, when the Indians came upon them. Then — as I understand it — they had a running fight for some distance, until the Indians shot down one of the horses that was hitched to the wagon, and soon afterward killed the other. Thus the devoted party was left at the mercy of the inhuman butchers.

Night came on, as though to draw a veil over the hellish work of these painted reservation pets of our government.

Norton was mortally wounded, and dying by the side of his brave, noble young wife, who had been shot through both legs. Their little boy made his escape in the darkness, and finally made his way to Grangeville and gave the alarm. Mrs. Norton's sister escaped on the prairie, and was found wandering around the next day.

Poor Lew Day, mortally wounded as he was — with one other man, I think — kept the Indians at bay till morning, when relief came from Mt. Idaho and Grangeville. Norton was dead, Day died in a day or two, and one of the other men was wounded and soon after died, and I believe one of them was killed there. Mrs. Norton finally recovered.

It would require a far more able pen than a rough old pioneer can command to portray the sufferings experienced by that little band on that occasion, even if I could recall all of the story

told me by Mrs. Norton.

At about the time of the above-mentioned attack, a general attack was made upon the settlers along the White Bird and Salmon rivers, as alluded to in a previous chapter.

A recent chat with two or three of the parties who were conversant with occurrences at that time has refreshed my memory on one or two points.

Mrs. Osborne, whose husband was killed on the bar when Mason was killed, appeared at the residence of Mr. Cone on Slate creek three days afterward, with her little children. The only garments she had on were her stockings and chemise. She was covered with blood, and in every way gave evidence of having received the most inhuman treatment.

A friendly squaw, who, from her infatuation for gambling, was called To-lo (Chinook for "wager"), was, at the outbreak, furnished by Mr. Cone with a fine horse and sent to Florence, a distance of twenty miles, for aid. She soon returned with seventeen men, who assisted Mr. Cone in building a stockade and remained with those who collected there till all danger had passed.

To-lo told of many of the Indian outrages, among the rest that of Mrs. Manuel, Manuel made his escape by getting into the brush and lying there for twelve or fifteen days, living on berries, and with the spear of an arrow still in his shoulder.

The Indians attacked Manuel's house and took all of his family prisoners, except Mrs. Manuel's father who escaped to the brush on the river, and, lying there concealed, witnessed some of the atrocites perpetrated upon the family.

Mrs. Manuel and her children being captured, the Indians burned the house, killed her little boy, broke her baby girl's arm, and then Chief Joseph stabbed Mrs. Manuel to death because she resisted his infamous attack upon her person. Her remains were never found, but the little baby girl was found wandering around by an Irishman named Pat Price, who made a kind of a chair out of a box, put the child into it, swung it on his back and started for Mt. Idaho.

Meeting a lot of Indians, who surrounded him, he opened his bosom, exposing a cross which had been pricked there in India ink and told them to kill him if they wanted to. Pat was a Catholic, as were many of the Indians, and he believes that the sight of the cross saved his own life and that of the child. At any rate, having exposed his breast with the cross on it, Joseph's men permitted him to pass, and didn't molest him any any way. And this brave fellow brought his little broken-armed charge safely to Mt. Idaho, having toiled over fifteen miles of mountain trail, burdened as before stated.

The night after that massacre Mr. Baker (Mrs. Manuel's father) witnessed the Indians' war-dance, which was kept up nearly all night. Could the mind of man conceive of the feelings of that aged man as he lay there watching their fiendish jubilee over the remains of a loved daughter and a grandchild? Having every reason to believe the other child had met the same fate, as well as his son-in-law, conceive of him, if you can, lying hour after hour in close proximity to these red fiends, a silent witness of their imp-like dance, after (as he supposed) they had committed the last of his loved ones to torture and death, while at any time his slightest movement or the breaking of a twig might prove the signal for his death, either by the bullet, knife or torture.

There are few, if any, of the survivors of those scenes who doubt To-lo's story. Yet, the survivors of that band of fiends were returned to Kamai by the government some years later; I suppose, as a reminder to the widows and orphans of pioneers of the hospitality of the "noble" red man. In this hospital I saw a child — a little girl — whose tongue an Indian had cut off because she was crying while seventeen other of these fiends incarnate were outraging her mother in her presence. I saw women who husbands had been killed, and in many instances left to burn in their flame-begirdled houses while they were being outraged and otherwise tortured, and then turned loose to wander in their nakedness in search of a place of refuge, homeless and widowed.

And now, ten years afterward, the blood rushes through my veins so fiercely that I can scarcely hold my pen while trying to convey to the reader a faint idea of the horrors of an Indian massacre; and I ask myself the question, why will those reared in peaceful homes, in the lap of luxury, far from danger, persist in writing and preaching pitying words and sentences about the lazy, skulking demons of the far West?

The survivors of his same band of fiends were a few years afterward returned to Kamai and their old haunts by our sympathetic Indian bureau, because their health was not good where they were (perhaps also as a reminder, to the widows and orphans of butchered pioneers, of the bounteous hospitality of our glorious government), and are now being fattened and clothed at government expense, while the widows and orphans gaze on the sleek red pets, dressed in gorgeous red blankets and with painted faces; and their hearts (those of the widows and orphans, I mean) swell with patriotism as they contemplate the evidences of the gloriousness of our free and just government.

It is possible that in their dreams, in the "stilly hours of the night," they fancy they again hear the fiendish war-cry or see the glittering scalping knife gently drawn around the heads of fallen husbands and fathers, removing the locks they have so often fondly caressed; and with a shriek and a start they awake, to realize that "twas but a dream" and that the same generous protectors (?) have been returned, to remind them of former kindnesses (?) received at their hands, thereby furnishing them a guarantee of future peace and protection . . . Within a day or two the volunteers were attacked on a hill where they had made a stand, but the hostiles found them to strongly fortified, and drew off after having succeeded in capturing a num-

HAVE LONG ECHOES

George Hunter emerges from the fray "Slightly disfigured but still in the ring"

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ber of our horses.

The ball had been extracted from my neck, and I was able to move around a little when the courier arrived at Mt. Idaho with this news. I proceeded forthwith to secure a sufficient number of horses to remount our men, and sent them to the command.

A day or two later a courier brought in word that the Indians had engaged General Howard in battle at Kamai, and that the volunteers had refused to assist him in the fight, and moved down to Clearwater on their side of the mountain, General Howard being on the opposite side of Clearwater from Mt. Idaho.

When I heard this I induced a one-armed courier named George Greer to bring my horse to me, and to fill my canteen with water. Then we quietly left the hospital and Mt. Idaho, and went for the scene of battle as fast as we could, armed only with one old revolver between us. On going into the hospital I had loaned my gun and revolver to a party whom I believed could make better use of them in the field than I could in bed. Being both well mounted, we made good time, and arrived at Kamai just after Howard's cavalry and McConville's command, together with a few Indian scouts, had been repulsed on the Lo-lo trail.

I believe I have neglected to state heretofore that not all of the so-called Nez Perce Indians had joined Chief Joseph in his insurrection. There seemed to be a number of factions in that tribe, and many of their able-bodied men had either remained neutral during this trouble or had come out pronounced in favor of the whites, some having joined Howard and done good work for him.

A few of these friendly Indians were killed or wounded in this affair, but I believe there were no other casualties on the part of the whites.

The volunteers and cavalry, having found the hostiles too well posted in the timer and brush, had returned to Kamai.

My first inquiry upon meeting General Howard was as to the conduct of the volunteers during the battle of Kamai, of which I had heard the uncomplimentary report at Mt. Idaho. He said there was no blame to be attached to McConville's command, that their showing themselves on the mountain was all that could be expected of them under the circumstances; for they, by their presence there, were attracting the attention of the hostiles to a certain extent, and preventing them from flanking Howard and returning to Camas Prairie, where the people were now almost at their mercy. Besides if McConville had attempted to come down to him with so small of a body of men, the Indians would have undoubtedly cut him up badly. Finaly he said that McConville had used good judgment, and done all that was necessary to be done on his side of the river.

Pat Price exposes the cross.

Having subsequently made a thorough investigation of this matter, I am satisfied that Colonel McConville did a wise thing in keeping his command where he had posted them between the Indiians and the Camas Prairie settlements; and judging from the hard fight that the Indians gave General Howard, who had artillery and a far greater number of troops than McConville had volunteers, I am sure that the latter would have been "handled without gloves, and knocked out in the first round," if they had attempted to go to Howard.

His losses at the battle of Kamai I can't remember, but they were quite severe, as the well-filled hospital at Grangeville testified. Jôseph's loss could not be ascertained, for — as is usual with the Indians — they quickly disposed of their dead and cached their wounded.

It was generally believed that most of the so-called friendly or neutral Indians, who had remained on their reservations since the outbreak, professing fealty to the whites, had lent Joseph a strong hand in this battle, and quietly returned to their homes when Joseph's people retreated toward the Lo-lo trail.

General Howard also told me that he had, just prior to my arrival, given lieutenant Watrous permission to return with the Dayton volunteers to Mt. Idaho for me, and then to go home with us, as our term of service had expired; all the volunteers would be relieved, he now having, as he believed, sufficient regular forces to drive the hostiles out of Idaho; and other large commands were marching from the eastward to intercept them on the other side of the mountains, all of which proved to be true, as before stated.

At his peremptory command (or request) I remained with General Howard overnight, he having had a good bed made up for me in his own tent. My company had already been discharged and was on the way to Mt. Idaho after me, while I was riding to the front on a different route.

The next morning, as my fast ride had greatly irritated the wounds in my shoulder and neck, leaving them in a bad condition, the General sent me in an ambulance to Fort Lapwai, with two officers to accompany me. The journey occupied nearly two days.

At Lapwai I procured a horse, and rode on to Lewiston in company with a friend. That night I suffered much from my wounds, as riding in the hot sun had greatly inflamed them; but the careful attention which Madame French, of the Hotel de France, bestowed on me, enabled me to soon proceed homeward by stage.

Reaching home, I was shelved for some weeks (experimenting with probing irons and healing plasters). But under the skillful nursing and care of my wife I recovered from my wounds, and came out slightly disfigured but "still in the ring," and had the pleasure of again meeting most of the men who had so gallantly served with and under me.

They had returned to their homes and their several occupations, and were pursuing their different vocations — seemingly not realizing that they were heroes, that although they had passed through the greater portion of an active and ferocious Indian campaign and came out almost un-

(Continued on page 66)

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HIGH ALTITUDE BUTCHERIN'

Running a meat market for miners was nearly as profitable as running a saloon — and nearly as hazardous!

By HERBERT M. SOMMERS

Text and photos submitted by
HANK GIVENS

My dad, Edward D. Sommers, was never arrested or brought to trial for shooting J.H. Wolf, because in 1876 the six-shooter was the only law in effect in the remote mountains of southern Colorado.

Instead, he opened a retail meat business in Summitville, selling fresh and cured meat to miners who practiced high grading in the meat market as regularly as they stole gold from the Little Annie and Little Ida Mines.

In addition to shoplifting, there were two other drawbacks to running a meat market in high-altitude Summitville — herding cattle for slaughter through grizzly-infested country, and the unbelievable amount of snowfall. Twenty-six feet of snow accumulated during the winter of 1878-1879, the first year Dad's market was open.

An urge to fight Indians made Dad leave his farm home near Milwaukee at age fifteen with his brother Oswold, fourteen; and some neighbor boys, Fred Raber, sixteen, who was to become a partner in the Summitville meat market; and Fred's brother Gus, eighteen, who had already been as far west as Central City, Colorado with a battalion of Wisconsin youngsters in the Northern Army.

All that these four boys knew for sure was they had to get to Denver to find Indians. On the way, in 1870, they found work on a farm in Illinois where Dad and his brother remained a while to work and attend school. Two years later they had saved enough money to ride the cushions to Denver. Arriving there in April, they found work immediately — Dad as a fry cook in the American House and Oswold as a dishwasher in the swanky new Wentworth House.

By 1875 their goal had changed from fighting Indians to saving their money to buy cattle, and they were purchasing some in the San Luis Valley when they decided to join a prosperous thirteen-wagon train. The outfit was headed for Pine River where they planned to locate farm and grazing claims. J.H. Wolf and his eighteen-year-old hired man also joined the train.

The party had been advised that to have good forage for the animals it would have to go over the Divide. Between Fort Garland and present South Fork, the road was fairly good and the train made about eight miles a day. After that there was nothing more than a trail over the pass and the men had to construct their own road. It took them three weeks of the worst kind of labor to get over the Divide.

One July morning when the party was halfway up the east side of the pass, Wolf and Dad got into an argument over who would haul the footsore animals and small calves. The trouble developed into a fight, and Wolf tried to hit Dad over the head with part of a broken axle. Dad raised his .45 to protect himself and when the axle and the gun came together (or Dad pulled the trigger) the weapon discharged and the bullet struck Wolf squarely between the eyes.

They made a coffin from wagon sideboards, buried Wolf under a pine tree near the creek, and carved his name in the trunk. The stream became known as Wolf Creek and the divide over which the wagon train was struggling was called Wolf Creek Pass.

Wolf's outfit was left with his hired hand in charge. In Wolf's effects was a letter from his brother in Kansas to whom Dad wrote a letter explaining what had happened, then rode off to mail the letter.

He later joined the group at Pine River where some of the men were already building log houses and barns against the coming winter.

"Ed, I'm going to file on 320 acres up-river from Bayfield," Oswold said. "How about you?"

"Somehow, I don't want to be tied down to any particular spot as a farmer," said Dad, who remained in partnership with his brother but preferred to ride the range watching over their herd.

During the summer of 1879 Dad heard that hundreds of miners in

Edward D. Sommers. Photo taken in 1882 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Summitville needed a place to walk in and buy meat. Fred Raber now had a ranch near Del Norte. The two went into partnership in the meat business, keeping his and Oswold's herd at the Pine River Ranch as a supply source. Dad leased a storeroom at the lower end of Summitville's main street and the store opened as Raber & Sommers.

Dad made arrangements to use the community slaughter house in Del

(Continued on page 50)

LUCIUS A. HINE: CINCINNATI SAGE

By MORRIS BELL

Photos provided by author

Author's Note: Alonzo Hine might not have been Western in the way we think today, but he fought for recognition of what was West in his day. He was the founder of The Western Literary Journal. Unfortunately, he had the infamous Ned Buntline for a partner.

When Lucius Hine reached his eighty-seventh year, he confided to his family that his achievements in journalism and social reform were far short of his goals. Many reformers are zealous at twenty-five and wash ashore to conservatism as they become older. Not so with Hine; his lectures, periodicals, and books were always bent toward the Utopia sought by so many. But now and then he had to stop and make a living as editor for St. Louis and Cincinnati papers.

His family tried to console him by pointing out his moments of fulfillment. He had been a reporter covering Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, had helped Rutherford B. Hayes start a literary club, and had founded the Cincinnati *Star*. He was also author of then monographs concerning social and economic change which could eventually influence future generations. Hine's relatives assured him that his visions would be realized.

Lucius Alonzo Hine was born in Berlin Heights, Ohio on Washington's birthday in 1819. He was the eldest son of Sheldon Hine, a direct descendant of Thomas Hine who had accompanied Thomas Hooker to the new colony of Connecticut in 1637. The Hine family obtained a large acreage by way of grants and purchases in northern Ohio.

One day Sheldon "put the mace on the table." He announced to his children that he would share the estate with them in doles of land or money. Brothers Lucius and Lemon wanted an education, so they took the cash. Their sisters, however, chose the land because they were more willing to accept the limited community schooling available to girls at that time.

Lucius and Lemon had already attended Norwalk Academy for two years and sensed that the nation needed educated men. They earned law degrees and hung their shingles. But Lucius would not practice long. He became so disgusted with the lack of ethics in the legal profession that he closed his office in Sandusky and headed for Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West."

Lucius Hine at twenty-five thought that the world was out of joint, and he would not change his mind during his remaining sixty-two years. He hoped that his lectures and journalistic efforts could promote positive changes. Henry George's single tax idea appealed to him as did Horace Greeley's preachments. Lucius was not bothered by the fact that a single tax system would have prevented his recent inheritance, and began lecturing and writing monographs on the subject. He realized, however, that he needed a greater forum, such as a magazine. He still had some money, and he believed he could made a successful alliance with someone experienced in the publication of periodicals. Lucius quickly found a partner — Ned Buntline.

Dr. Lucius Seneca Hine was a Central Texas physician. The son of Lucius A. Hine, he died of the Spanish Flu Epidemic of 1919.

Lucius Hine in 1860, three years before he covered Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

They published *The Western Literary Journal* for nearly a year before Buntline disappeared with company's funds and left Hine to pay the bills. The publication had shown some promise. The young editors had received some aid in printing and counsel from Felix Zollicoffer and Albert Pike of the Nashville *Banner*, and because they were fair men, Hine had no ill feeling when both later became Confederate generals. Zollicoffer was killed at the battle of Mill Spring. Hine wept. He had trouble forgiving the soldiers who had further despoiled the general's body. "They have a hernia in their souls," he muttered.

But Lucius never forgave Ned Buntline. Although Ned's true character was not widely known, Lucius should have been more cautious in selecting a partner. He could not fathom why person would steal — or use tobacco or alcohol, for that matter. His rural, puritanical upbringing had sheltered him

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too much from the outside world. It was no consolation to Lucius to know that he had helped Buntline start a fabulous career as a con artist. In 1952 Jay Monaghan wrote a lengthy biography of Buntline called *The Great Rascal*. Hine would have approved of the title.

By 1850 Lucius Hine had made enough impression on his peers that he was invited to help organize the Literary Club of Cincinnati. Rutherford B. Hayes, Hine, and thirty-four others were the charter members; William Howard Taft would join them later.

During their first year they persuaded Ralph Waldo Emerson to deliver five lectures from his book *The Conduct of Life*. At first Emerson had declinded, saying, "May is my garden month, and I must put in my garden." But he longed to visit the West, and he also was impressed by the offered fee. The club rewarded him well when he agreed to appear. Each night the hall was so packed that the Literary Club was able to pay five times as much as the original offer. And Emerson was so surprised that he asked one of the members how he could best invest the money!

After the Civil War, the Cincinnati group was faced with the problem of "refighting the battles" in their lectures and papers. Fifty of their members were Union veterans and certain-

Hine (left) when he was editor of the Cincinnati *Times* in 1870. Andrew Francisco (center) was the associate editor, and Charles Starbuck was the publisher.

ly could have clogged any meeting with their reminiscences. General Hayes and General John Pope could have filled books with stories of military days agone. But the records of all readings given, beginning in 1864, show a remarkable discipline to avoid "waving the bloody shirt."

Hine noticed in later years that some of the men were attending the G.A.R. more often than their literary organization. Rutherford B. Hayes admitted as much in his autobiography. He seemed to regret the erosion of his love for the Literary Club, but realized that there was a bond between men who had shared the field of battle that was difficult to explain to others. Certainly it was not a matter of brawn-over-brain, since Hayes was highly educated for this time.

After 1864, Lucius addressed the Club gatherings ten times, William Howard Taft read four papers, including one on "The Molly Maguires." The most prolific contributor was Charles B. Wilby who could appear 106 times in a thirty-year period. His "A Visit to Jefferson Davis" had his colleagues "listening with thirsty ears." (Hine would almost "have the last say" for only three members outlived him.)

In 1860, Lucius had become a free lance writer and lecturer and made good progress until the war broke out in 1861 "and mammon and selfishness captured everything," according to him. New ideas would be of little interest to the public until the quarrel of forty years, which had gone beyond writing and oratory, was settled.

So Lucius took a job with the Cincin-

(Continued on page 52)

— back in the days when this city was called the "Queen of the West"

HOUSE ROCK VALLEY

—a link in Arizona Strip history

By ROY F. CARPENTER

Photos by author

"And so we had a horse slaughtered and the flesh prepared for taking along." That grim journal entry of October 23, 1776 kept ringing in my mind on a cold March morning when I fist found the ancient campsite at House Rock Springs in Arizona. The entry had been made by Fray Velez de Escalante near Coyote Springs in what was later termed the Arizona Strip. Coyote Springs is a few miles north of the little known campsite I had found, where local ranchers now lease the land below the towering Vermilion Cliffs.

On that long ago day leader Fray Atanasio Dominguez lay ill, and most of his eleven followers were weak from starvation. The party was trying to follow a dim game trail around the cliffs to a rumored Ute ford so they could return to Santa Fe.

I felt very alone there in the northwest neck of House Rock Valley. An aura of the ancients still clung to the land, and distant thunder rumbled over Buckskin Mountain (today's Kaibab Plateau) as threatening snow clouds rolled down-slope. This valley had funneled game and primitive hunters south from Utah's highlands for hundreds of years, to a rendezvous with the canyon-walled Colorado River. Flint chips lay scattered among nearby sand dunes where Anasazi stone masions fashioned them before trailing prey into Marble Canyon or Nankoweap Creek.

Rock ruins and 3,000-year-old split twig figurines mark the river shelters to document the presence of a desert culture vanished long before the Dominguez-Escalante party brought the first touch of civilization. House Rock Valley was never known to welcome man to its bosom, and the Spaniards were forced to eat horse meat in their desperate battle to survive until they could reach the less desolate Moqui lands.

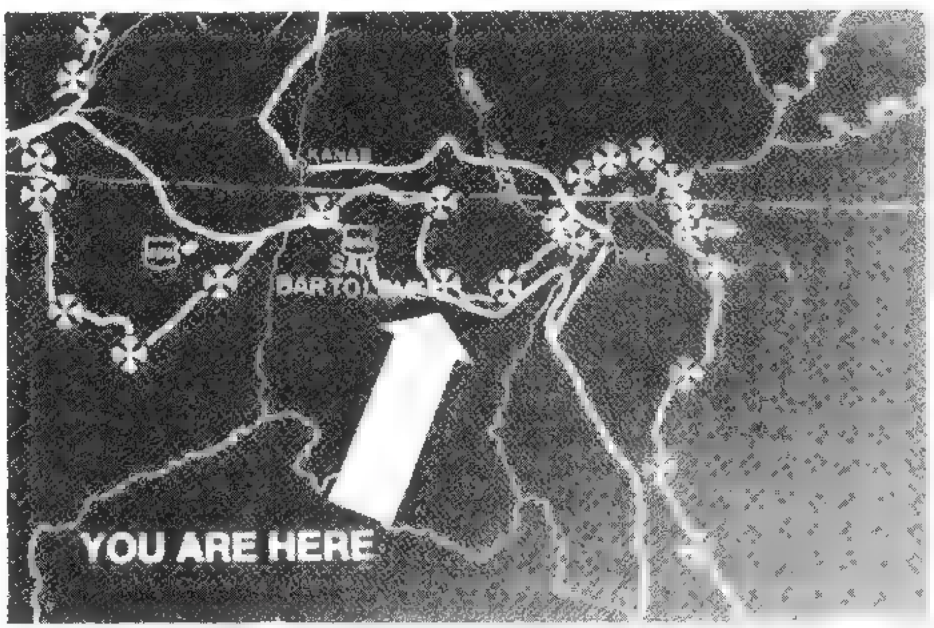
On October 24, 1776 the doughty little expedition struggled south down the valley, and camped that night at a site they named San Bartoleme (near today's Jacob Pools). Their campfires would have cast shadows on present Arizona Highway 89A.

On the 26th they rode into the northeast corner of House Rock Valley where the Paria River joins the Colorado, and found themselves boxed in by soaring cliffs. Here they lingered a week trying to find their way out of Camp San Benito de Salsipuedes, meaning in part "escape if you can."

On October 29 the second horse was butchered, and it was November 2 before the party finally escaped through a rugged pass over Paria Canyon's east rim. This primitive route is vaguely known today as Dominguez Pass, and if you are foolish enough to test it in person you will wonder if the slain horses felt relief because they were not forced to climb such a nightmare of sand and slide rocks.

Wandering in a wilderness which looks as if a mad butcher had used his cleaver to form it, the Spaniards killed their third horse on November 4. On the 7th they found the elusive Ute ford and celebrated by firing their muskets as they crossed the Colorado River into friendly pueblo lands.

It would be many years before House Rock Springs and Valley would play host to civilized men again. But by 1858 Mormon missionary Jacob Hamblin was scouting for a way across the Colorado, and in 1864 was the first to raft across the river at Salsipuedes. One of the Mormon explorers left a charcoal sign at House Rock Springs, naming it the "Rock House Hotel" after he had spent the



A portion of a map of the Dominguez-Escalant Expedition. The crosses indicate campsites, and the large arrow points out the October 24, 1776 camp.

House Rock Springs.

night under two tilted stone slabs.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who was the youngest member of Major John W. Powell's 1871-2 party, wrote that surveyors rearranged the charcoal name which is why it appears on maps as "House Rock."

But the Valley held a stacked-deck against the first families to settle the area. Mormon fugitive John D. Lee brought the first woman to live at Salsipuedes and it was another wife, Rachel, who first lived at Jacob Pools. Lee, with wife Emma, paused at House Rock Springs while moving to the Paria River junction. It must have been a quiet Christmas at the Springs, for Lee took time to chisel his name there on December 25, 1871.

Two days later Emma woke up near the campsite used by Escalante at Salsipuedes nearly a century before, and after a shocked survey of the desolate place exclaimed, "Oh, what a lonely dell!" That was the name the Lee family used ever afterward for the future ferry site, but the public knows it simply as Lee's (or Lees) Ferry.

With buildings to erect and farmland to plow, John D. Lee had need for more help to start a ferry service for Mormon emigrants who would soon be moving into Arizona. James Jackson, a young shcool teacher, joined the Lees in 1872, but fate made short work of this arrangement, for Jackson died of exposure on Buckskin Mountain on March 10, 1874.

Right or wrong, Lee was a fugitive, and in November 1874 he was arrested and after a long drawn-out trial, convicted. On March 23, 1877 the scapegoat for a crime that involved many others was executed by a firing squad while sitting on his coffin at Mountain Meadows, Utah. It seemed House Rock Valley enjoyed turning its back on white men who looked to it for safety.

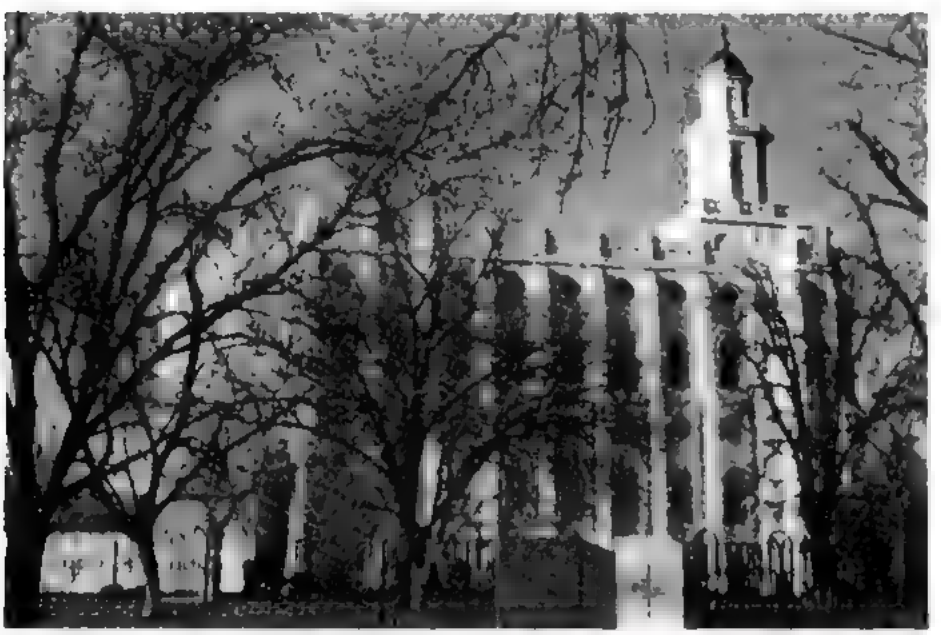
In March 1875, Mormon Warren M. Johnson moved his family to Lonely Dell and took over most of the ferry operation, continuing the service until 1895. During that period many Mormons followed Brigham Young's instructions and wagoned south through House Rock Springs and Valley to ferry across with Johnson's help. These wagons often had to climb the dreaded Shinarump rock slipe immediately across the river, and it become known as "Lee's Backbone." It was as tough as its namesake.

While Johnson was at the ferry, he lost four children to diphtheria, contracted from a passing family in 1891. And another blow fell when Warren Johnson was injured in a fall

The Vermillion Cliffs as seen from the rim of Paria Canyon.

The area where Rachel Lee lived in 1872 is now Jacob Pools Ranch.

Navajo Bridge over Marble Canyon was completed in 1928.



Destination of the honeymooners: the Mormon Temple at St. George, Utah.

in 1895 that paralyzed him from the waist down. Ironically, this occurred at a time when he was buying a ranch to leave the ferry business.

There would be others who drowned at Lonely Dell and in Marble Canyon; and for a time between 1885 and 1915 horse thieves traveled along the old route leading to Nankoweap and crossed the river to Tanner Trail near today's Desert View.

Still there were signs that a mare mellow mood was beginning to prevail to House Rock Valley. Colonel C. J. (Buffalo) Jones arrived in 1906 with a herd of buffalo he wanted to preserve. In 1907 a young and promising author was invited to spend his first Western vacation with Jones on his buffalo ranch. It was Zane Grey, who went on to become the nation's foremost Western novelist.

Today descendants of Buffalo Jones' herd can be seen grazing on House Rock Valley's slopes down near Marble Canyon.

But proof of the change in the Valley's character was its take-over by honeymooners. In Mormon settlements along the Little Colorado basin in central Arizona, young couples could be married by local justices; that was all right for temporary purposes, but true Mormons had to have their marriages blessed by the Church. The nearest temple was at St. George, Utah, and between 1880 and 1928 this caused an annual caravan of newlyweds to wagon north along the old Mormon trail. They would cross the ferry and take the House Rock road beneath the Vermilion Cliffs, often camping at House Rock Springs.

The Honeymoon Trail continued until 1928, when a new Mormon temple was opened at Mesa, Arizona. That was also the year Lee's Ferry closed; for about five miles downriver from Lonely Dell, Navajo Bridge had provided the missing link in modern Highway 89A. House Rock had gone full circle, from hosting desperate Franciscans subsisting on horse meat to newly married young couples without a care in the world. The pageant of history was suddenly wiped from my mind, for thunder came again in an earthy grumble from Buckskin Mountain. Snowflakes were falling in earnest as I rushed for one more picture of John D. Lee's Christmas inscription at the Springs.

It was March, the same month James Jackson froze over there on Buckskin just a couple of miles west. And it was March that John D. Lee faced a firing squad. Of course, I am not superstitious but it *was* six miles back to pavement. Darned if I intended to wait around to see if old House Rock wanted to play mean again!

1886 CAMP MEETING

Written in 1941

By J. MARVIN HUNTER

In 1886 Menardville, Texas was a very small town, and I was a very small boy, but I distinctly remember many stirring things that took place there. Our family moved to Menardville, now called Menard, in the fall of 1884, when my father, John Warren Hunter, was employed to teach the local school of some forty "scholars."

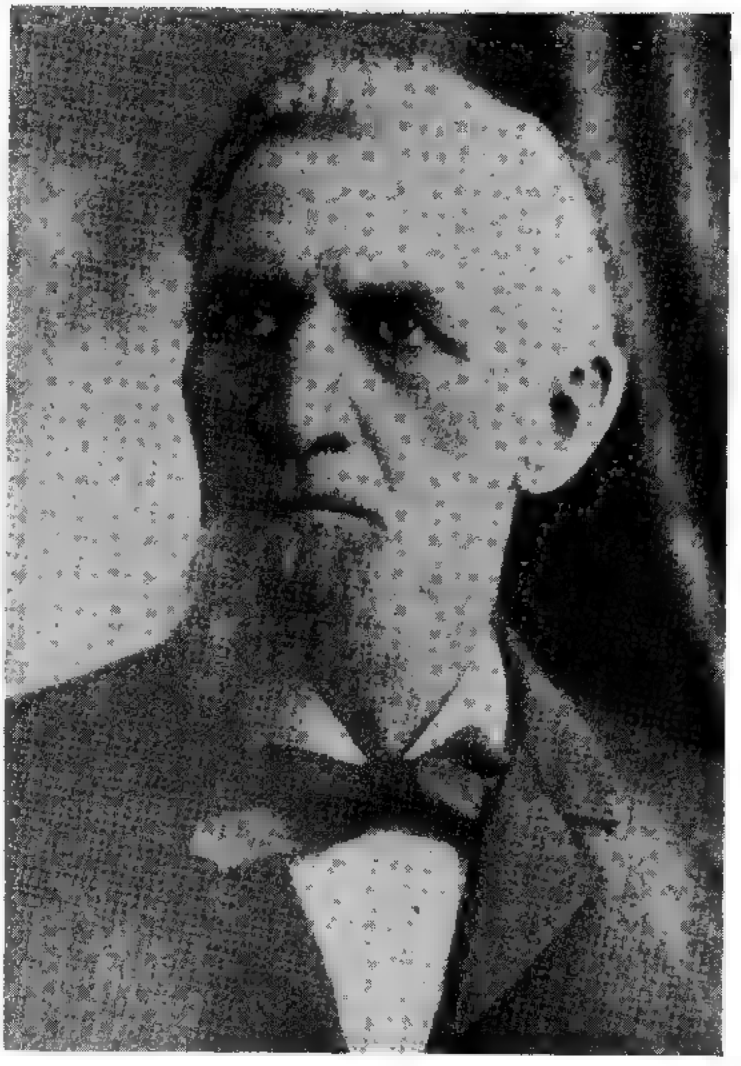
We first lived in a little one-room stone house that stood at the extreme west end of town on the McKavett road, and almost on the banks of the San Saba River.

The road passed between our house and the river. Just back of the house was a pretty high (so it seemed to me then) mountain, and this mountain chain formed a horseshoe, with another mountain on the east. The town nestled snugly in the horseshoe, with the river on the north side.

There were many groves of tall pecan trees along the San Saba, and lots of fine swimming holes and fishing places. And when I mention the fishing places, I mean there was good fishing

(Continued on page 54)

Menardville, Texas thirteen years after the events of this story.



William "Buffalo Bill" Mathewson.

By WAYNE T. WALKER

Photos provided by author

It *was* the fall of 1860 and Kansas had experienced one of the hottest, driest growing seasons on record. William Mathewson, Indian trader, was on his way to Leavenworth to purchase supplies and trading goods for his store, located where the Santa Fe Trace crossed Cow Creek in western Kansas. Everywhere he looked, the ravages of drought were evident.

Through the more settled country of eastern Kansas the tall, heavily built trader glimpsed many a hungry youngster. Finally he could stand it no longer. He stopped numerous times and suggested to the men of the family that they go farther West and kill enough buffalo to supply them for the winter months. Scores of the farmers took his advice, and as the word spread, set out with their wagons.

But a good many of them were far better farmers than hunters, and killing buffalo no cinch. After Bill Mathewson had returned to his trading post, many of them approached him on their return home — with empty wagons. It sickened him; they were so helpless, and yet families were depending on them.

Saddling Bess, he led the settlers back over the prairies until he spotted a buffalo herd in the distance. There he left them. Arming himself heavily, he rode off alone. Drawing near the herd, he hobbled Bess and crawled to a vantage point on the leeside of the herd. He was a stalker. Lying prone in the grass, Mathewson shot the nearest shaggy beast in the lungs. The shot startled the others but, not seeing anything, they soon started grazing again. Making no sound, the wounded buffalo grew steadily weaker until it dropped to the ground, dead.

The others close by smelled blood and began to mill around, pawing and bellowing. Nontheless, they neglected to associate the rifle shot with death. Mathewson continued until he had killed fifty-three, then signaled for the settlers to move in with their wagons.

There weren't many traders with hearts of gold-or freighters or interpreters or hunters with hearts of gold. Such a quality attracted notice on the Plains . . .

THE FIRST

The relationship between Satanta (above) and Mathewson got off to a bad start, but the two later became close friends.

Gratified, they tried to pay him, but Mathewson refused to take a cent.

As these farmers went back home, they told others along the way about the wonderful "Bill" whose last name they didn't know. Other settlers hitched up their oxen or mules and moved out with their wagons to get buffalo.

From October until February 1861, the pilgrimage of gaunt, penniless homesteaders continued to arrive and the fame of the trader grew. He was first called "Bill, the Buffalo Killer"; then the name was shortened to plain "Buffalo Bill," a sobriquet he would cherish all his life. In Andreas' *History of Kansas*, published in 1883, the following passage in Mathewson's biographical sketch states in part: "...earning for himself the title of Buffalo Bill of the Plains, by which he was known in the early days of Kansas."

Long before the Honorable William F. Cody earned the same nickname by killing buffalo for the Kansas Pacific railroad and Ned Buntline praised him in his dime novels, William Mathewson was affectionately referred to as "Buffalo Bill."

Many another buffalo hunter was called "Buffalo Bill," including the scout William Comstock, who had a buffalo shooting contest with Cody at Fort Wallace. But none of these men earned it for a better reason than Mathewson had — savings lives.

William Mathewson was born in Broome County, New York, on January 1, 1830, the seventh of eight children. His father died in 1835 at the age of forty-five, soon his mother married an ex-soldier of the War of 1812 from Vermont. Bill Mathewson remained with them and went to a country school until he was ten years old, after which he lived with his older brother for three years. From age thirteen to eighteen Bill worked in the lumber and mill business in Steuben County, New York and western Pennsylvania. Each fall of the year Billy Mathewson would set out with hunters on a long expedition into Pennsylvania, Michigan and Canada, returning home in the spring. At one time he was engaged in inspecting pine lands in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Also, he once acted as guide to a party of land buyers in this particular territory.

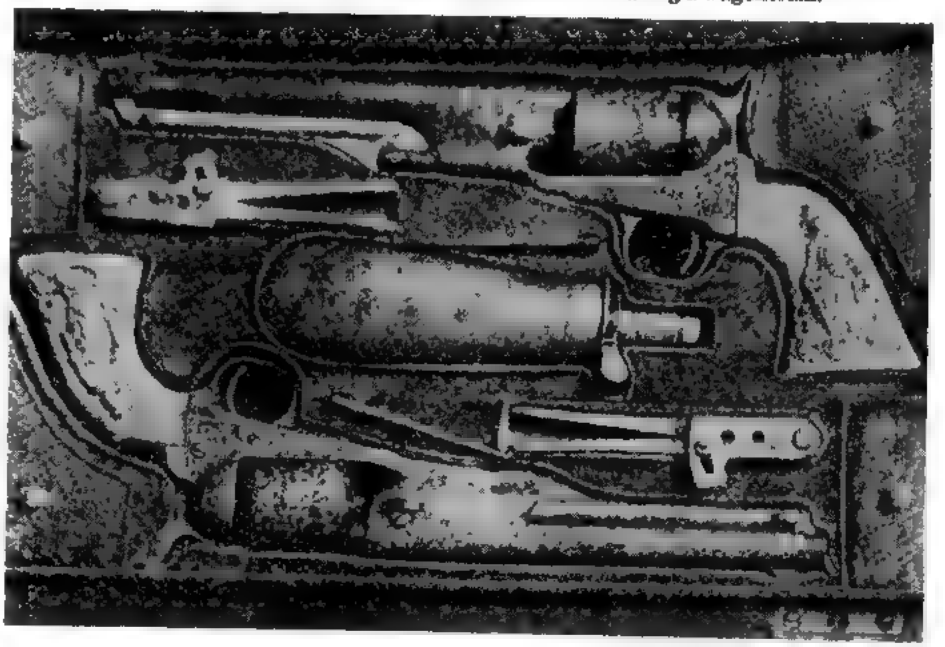
Inevitably the East became too cramped for him; he yearned for the wide expanse of the Far West. When he was offered an opportunity by the Northwestern Fur Company, headquartered in Fort Benton, Montana, Bill Mathewson was off and running!

As an employe of Northwestern, Mathewson hunted and trapped throughout Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Wyoming. He quickly acquired his first knowledge of Indian warfare. His job required courage and constant alertness, for this was the territory of the fierce and hostile Blackfeet.

After two years with the fur company, Mathewson joined the famous expedition directed by Kit Carson. It was made up of mountain men such as James and John Baker, Lucien Maxwell, and Charles and John Atterby. Coming south to the headwaters of the Arkansas River in Colorado, they traversed the foothills of the Rockies, crossed the headwaters of the Big Horn, the country of the North and South Forks of the Platte River, then down to the present vicinity of Denver, Colorado. Later, Mathewson went with Carson to induce the Indians to cease their raids on the small villages in the northern section of the Territory of New Mexico.

It was only natural that in his wan-

The fabulous gun set awarded Bill Mathewson for saving a wagontrain.



"BUFFALO BILL"

derings, Mathewson would eventually find himself at the gates of the huge feudal castle and trading post of William and Charles Bent. It stood on a prominent rise above the Arkansas River on the Santa Fe Trace about 100 miles west of the Rocky Mountains. This formidable post was the largest and most important fort on the Trace at that time, exerting tremendous influence on the Great Plains trade. Most of the supplies for the sparse communities in eastern Colorado, western Kansas, northern New Mexico, and even as far north as western Nebraska came from Bent's Fort.

For some time Mathewson was employed by the Bents and observed their system of freighting across Kansas to the post, then sending much of the cargo back into territory it had only recently traversed. To Mathewson this was foolish, an immense waste of time and effort.

Mathewson realized that once the emigration tide began its push west of the Mississippi, the settlement of Kansas would be rapid. He determined to establish a trading post in its western part, eliminating a two-way haul by bringing goods directly from Leavenworth.

When he left the employ of the Bents and explained his intentions, most of his friends were skeptical. As one old seasoned mountain man said: "Hell, Bill, ye be there a month maybe. Don't ye know them Indians is thick as buffalo on them Plains?"

Nonetheless, Mathewson built his first trading post in 1853 at a point known throughout the frontier as the Great Bend of the Arkansas, on the Trace (where the present city of Great Bend, Kansas, is now located). Later he established posts along the trail from Independence, Missouri to Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory. Actually, Mathewson used these posts as supply bases for the most part, with his traders operating from them by taking a wagonload of goods to an Indian camp and remaining there until they were traded out.

It is claimed in Kansas that Mathewson's wife Elizabeth was the first white woman to travel the Chisholm Trail.

At one time Mathewson had as much as $100,000 invested in the stock of his various stores — flour, coffee, sugar, knives, small axes, many types of adornment articles, Mackinaw blankets, and broadcloth. Most of his expense was in the freighting and handling.

On the other hand, the buffalo robes and furs traded to him by the Indians generally brought many times the value of the goods exchanged for them. Leavenworth was the focal point for selling Indian furs and obtaining more trade goods. Located in eastern Kansas on the well traveled Missouri River, Leavenworth was a central point for shipping and receiving.

Mathewson was successful in his dealings with the various Plains tribes, and they considered him a benefactor and always made him and his men welcome in their various villages. Mathewson could speak many of their languages, including the universal sign language. He understood and respected Indian customs.

Regarding his wide margin of profit, he was not "slickering" the dusky nomads. This type of trading on the frontier was dangerous, and gave him the right to a large return.

One day Mathewson looked up from behind the counter of his trading post on Cow Creek (the present site of Lyons) and watched several Kiowa braves file through the doorway. Their leader was Satanta, whose motives for a visit Mathewson had reason to suspect. One of the Satanta's warriors had been shot while stealing a horse from the trading post's corral.

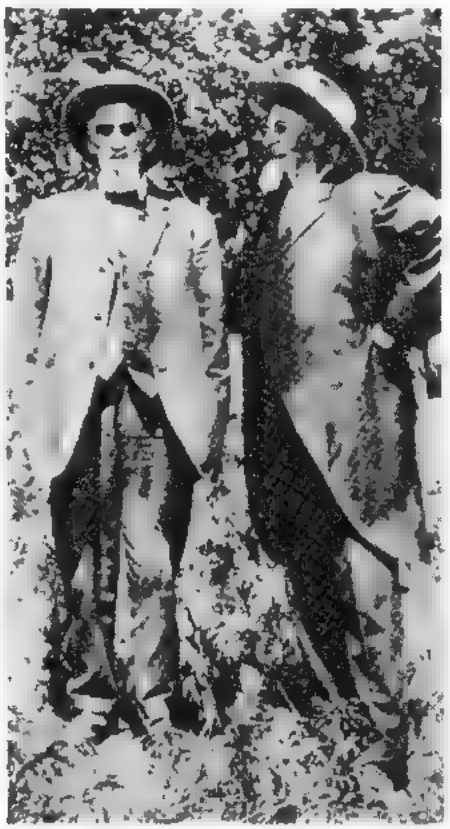
Satanta shuffled to the counter, while the rest of his band stood along the back of the store with their hands on their bows. They had come to avenge the slain warrior, but first Satanta had to make a speech. This Kiowa chief was well known for his mighty talk in councils, whether in Indian council or Indian-white peace councils.

Standing tall and proud, he further extended his chest and began to exhort: "I, Satanta, chief of the Kiowas, am bravest Indian in world. After I make great speech, my braves kill you. All white people afraid of Satanta. Listen, oh white man with long beard, I make big speech. . . ."

But he was not allowed to even make a little speech. Swift as a striking snake, Mathewson snatched two revolvers from the counter and cracked the Kiowa chief on the noggin, then pointed the other gun muzzle at his braves. Satanta dropped, not stirring. Startled, the rest of the Indians shoved and pushed one another in their haste to escape through the doorway, forgetting the weapons in their hands.

Mathewson came around the counter as the dazed Satanta got his feet. He gave the Kiowa chief a thorough knuckle-busting, then dragged him outside. The trader dumped Satanta

Courtesy Local History Div., Wichita, Kansas



A proud moment in Mathewson's life came when Bill Cody admitted that Mathewson was the original "Buffalo Bill."

into the dirt in front of the mounted Kiowas, pointed at him, and then swept an arm toward the horizon.

Three of the braves slid off their ponies and helped place their chief on his horse. Mathewson watched them as they rode out of the stockade, leading the spotted pony of the bloody and sullen Satanta.

A few days later, a friendly Kiowa of another band rode into the post and informed the trader that Satanta was swearing revenge, even if he had to hide beside the trail and kill Mathewson from ambush. Not saying a word,

(Continued on page 58)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comes a time to stay, and a time to quit; a wise man

LAW OF SURVIV

By EVE BALL

Illustrated by Al Martin Napolitano

"I'm afraid Pied won't make it to the settlement, Ada," said Carroll Baker as he finished tying pieces of hide around the cow's feet.

"We can't leave her," his wife pleaded. "It can't be more than a mile — just over the hill. Besides, what would we do without milk for the children?"

Those three children — Herman, Lily, and Julia — were in tears, and their mother was on the verge.

Before leaving southeast Kansas in April 1888, Carroll Baker had been warned that unshod oxen could not pull a heavy wagon over the Flint Hills, so he had them shod. It did not occur to him that shoes would be needed for the cow also, but now that her hoofs were worn to the quick, even if they could reach the settlement he doubted that anyone there could shoe her.

The Bakers made a dry camp, and next morning with the young man they had hired to drive the ox teams leading the way, Ada took the lines for the second wagon and Carroll walked beside the cow. To their great relief, Pied (so-called because she was spotted) struggled valiantly to keep up with the wagons, though they beat her to the trading post. A rancher in the store there volunteered to shoe the cow, but said she couldn't travel till her feet were healed.

The five families which made up this small settlement vied with each other in hospitality to the strangers, but why, they asked, did anybody want to leave a well-watered area for the desert country of eastern Colorado?

The same question had been asked

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April-May 1980

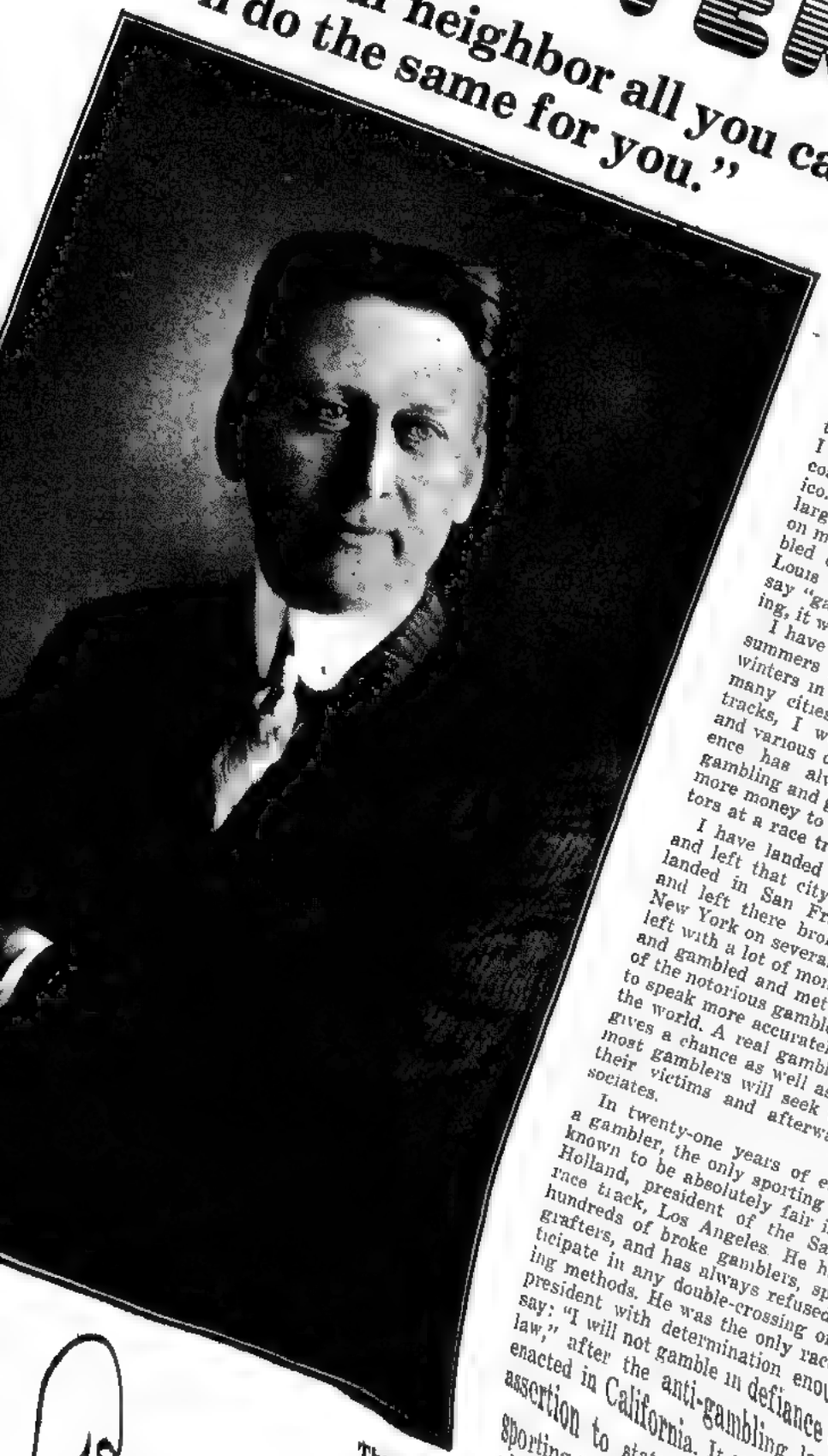
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFTER AND

"Beat your neighbor all you can, He'll do the same for you."

By HARRY BROLAKSI
courtesy
HAROLD H. REEVES

Written in 1911



The author

DURING my twenty-one years' experience in gambling, from 1888 until October 1909, I traveled the world over. I have been in every important city from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico. I have booked or gambled on every large race track in the United States, and on many of the smaller ones. I have gambled on the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans to the jetties. I say "gambled." It really was not gambling, it was sure-thing grafting.

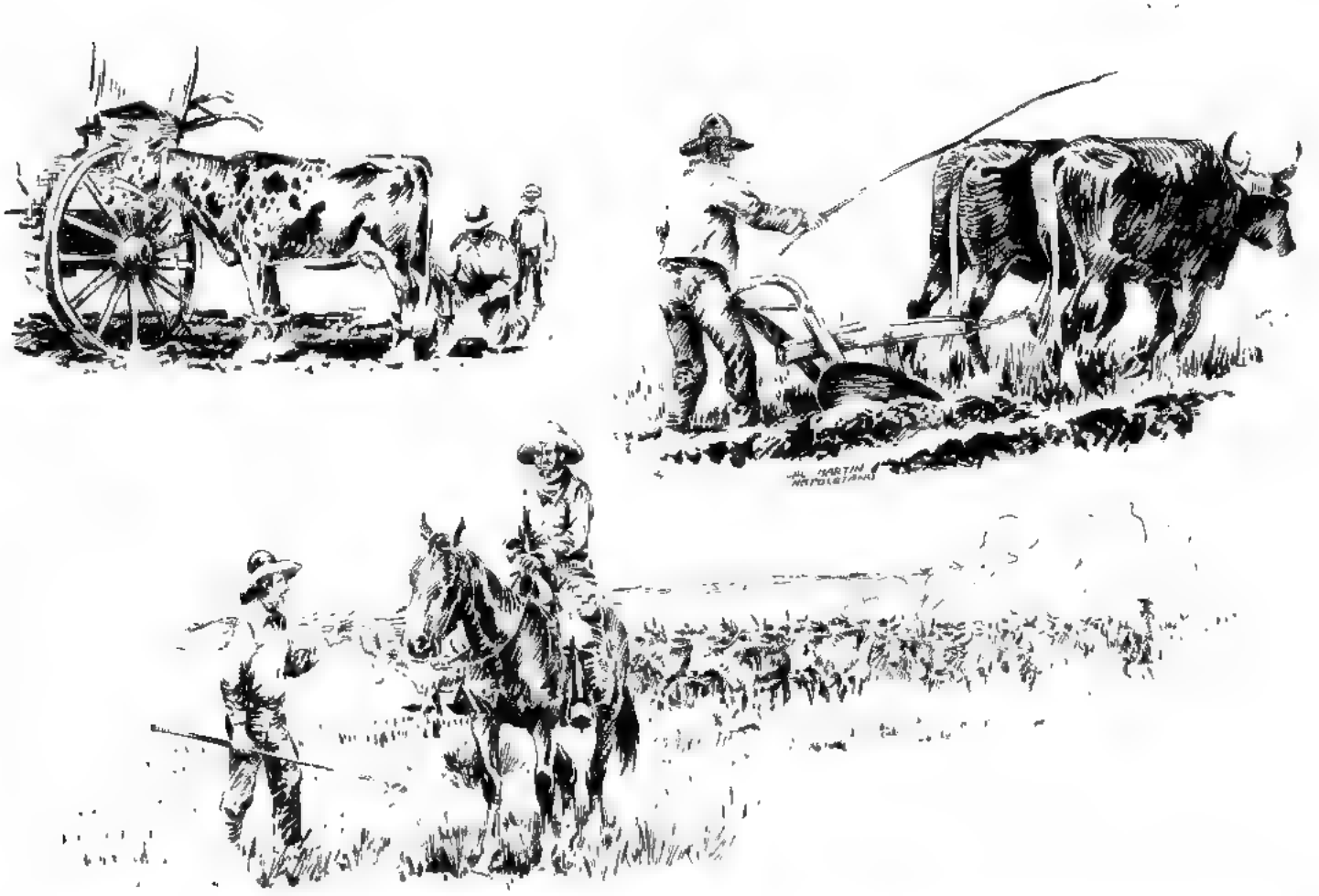
I have always endeavored to spend my summers in the North or East and my winters in the South or West. In a good many cities, where there were no race tracks, I would gamble at cards, dice and various other games. But my preference has always been for race-track gambling and grafting, as there is always more money to be obtained from the visitors at a race track.

I have landed in New Orleans broke, and left that city with $150,000. I have landed in San Francisco with $100,000 and left there broke. I have landed in New York on several occasions broke and left with a lot of money. I have affiliated and gambled and met in my career most of the notorious gamblers of the world, or to speak more accurately, the grafters of the world. A real gambler is a man who gives a chance as well as takes one; but most gamblers will seek to cheat—first, their victims and afterwards their associates.

In twenty-one years of experience as a gambler, the only sporting man I have known to be absolutely fair is James L. Holland, president of the Santa Anita race track, Los Angeles. He has staked hundreds of broke gamblers, sports and grafters, and has always refused to participate in any double-crossing or cheating methods. He was the only race-track president with determination enough to say: "I will not gamble in defiance of the law," after the anti-gambling law was enacted in California. It is a very broad assertion to state that he is the only sporting man in all my checkered career whom I have found to be absolutely on the level in his dealings with mankind, but such is the fact.

The notorious race track gamblers such as Tom Williams, John Condon, George Rose, Louis Cella, Sam Adler and "Cap" Tillis are always looking for a shade the best of it, and will obtain that shade or will not deal.

Frontier Times



Comes a time to stay, and a time to quit; a wise man can sense it . . .

LAW OF SURVIVAL

By EVE BALL

Illustrated by Al Martin Napolitano

"I'm afraid Pied won't make it to the settlement, Ada," said Carroll Baker as he finished tying pieces of hide around the cow's feet.

"We can't leave her," his wife pleaded. "It can't be more than a mile — just over the hill. Besides, what would we do without milk for the children?"

Those three children — Herman, Lily, and Julia — were in tears, and their mother was on the verge.

Before leaving southeast Kansas in April 1888, Carroll Baker had been warned that unshod oxen could not pull a heavy wagon over the Flint Hills, so he had them shod. It did not occur to him that shoes would be needed for the cow also, but now that her hoofs were worn to the quick, even if they could reach the settlement he doubted that anyone there could shoe her.

The Bakers made a dry camp, and next morning with the young man they had hired to drive the ox teams leading the way, Ada took the lines for the second wagon and Carroll walked beside the cow. To their great relief, Pied (so-called because she was spotted) struggled valiantly to keep up with the wagons, though they beat her to the trading post. A rancher in the store there volunteered to shoe the cow, but said she couldn't travel till her feet were healed.

The five families which made up this small settlement vied with each other in hospitality to the strangers, but why, they asked, did anybody want to leave a well-watered area for the desert country of eastern Colorado?

That same question had been asked back home by the parents of the young couple. Carroll had been offered and had accepted $4200 in gold for his half-section of land in Montgomery County. They had loaded boxes of books and indispensable furniture (including Ada's melodeon!) into one wagon; and farm implements, tools, and a big bundle of saplings into the other. Their money — twenty-dollar gold pieces — was hidden first in one place, then another. They were well over a hundred miles from home before they found it necessary to use any part of it, since they had lived largely off the land.

With instructions for reaching the Santa Fe Trail the Bakers resumed their trip with the entire five-family population of the place seeing them off. As they had been warned to do they kept a sharp watch for Indians, but on that long, long trip they saw no

(Continued on page 59)

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GRAFTER AND

"Beat your neighbor all you can, He'll do the same for you."

By HARRY BROLAKSI
courtesy
HAROLD H. REEVES

Written in 1911

The author.

Harry Brolaski

DURING my twenty-one years' experience in gambling, from 1888 until October 1909, I traveled the world over. I have been in every important city from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico. I have booked or gambled on every large race track in the United States, and on many of the smaller ones. I have gambled on the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans to the jetties. I say "gambled." It really was not gambling, it was sure-thing grafting.

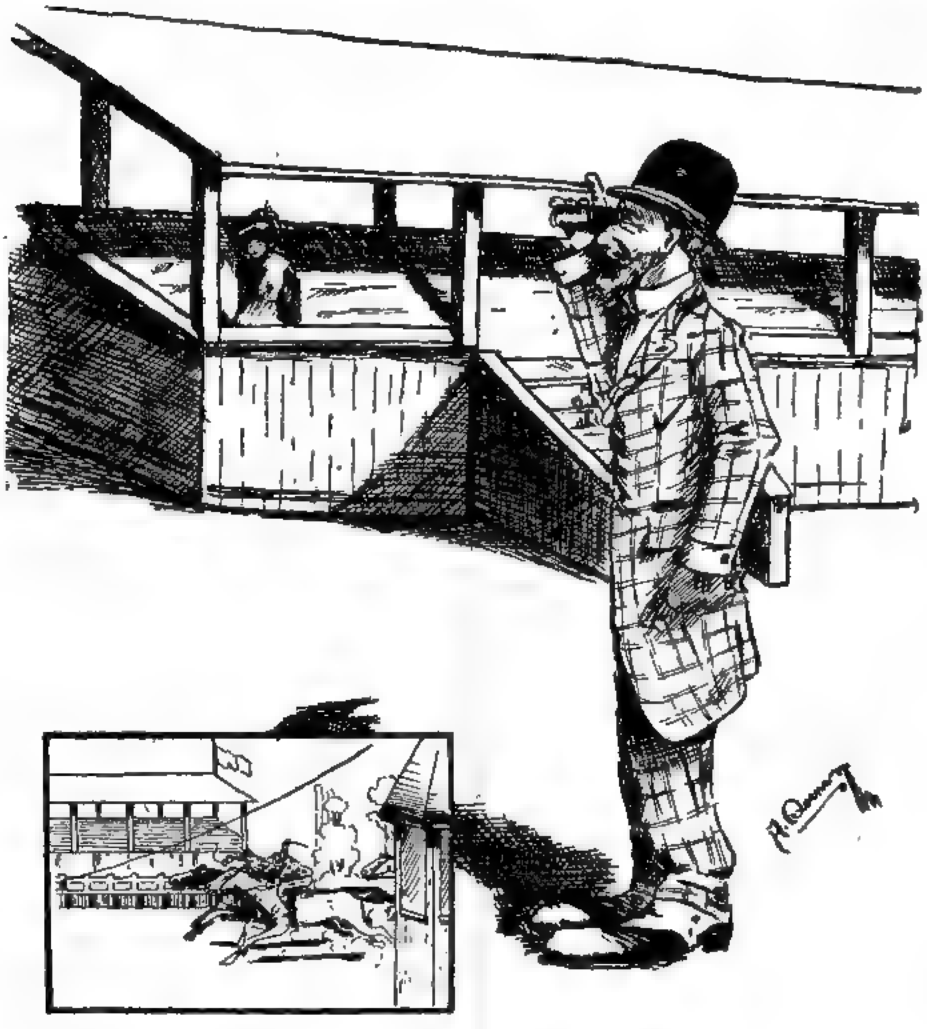
I have always endeavored to spend my summers in the North or East and my winters in the South or West. In a good many cities, where there were no race tracks, I would gamble at cards, dice and various other games. But my preference has always been for race-track gambling and grafting, as there is always more money to be obtained from the visitors at a race track.

I have landed in New Orleans broke, and left that city with $150,000. I have landed in San Francisco with $100,000 and left there broke. I have landed in New York on several occasions broke and left with a lot of money. I have affiliated and gambled and met in my career most of the notorious gamblers of the world, or to speak more accurately, the grafters of the world. A real gambler is a man who gives a chance as well as takes one; but most gamblers will seek to cheat—first, their victims and afterwards their associates.

In twenty-one years of experience as a gambler, the only sporting man I have known to be absolutely fair is James L. Holland, president of the Santa Anita race track, Los Angeles. He has staked hundreds of broke gamblers, sports and grafters, and has always refused to participate in any double-crossing or cheating methods. He was the only race-track president with determination enough to say: "I will not gamble in defiance of the law," after the anti-gambling law was enacted in California. It is a very broad assertion to state that he is the only sporting man in all my checkered career whom I have found to be absolutely on the level in his dealings with mankind, but such is the fact.

The notorious race track gamblers such as Tom Williams, John Condon, George Rose, Louis Cella, Sam Adler and "Cap" Tillis are always looking for a shade the best of it, and will obtain that shade or will not deal.

GAMBLER



Above: A race-track judge "protecting the public." At right: A jockey intentionally falling from his horse in a faked race.

THE easiest picking I have found in my journeys around the world was in New York City and in Chicago. Bankers, doctors and lawyers are curiously enough classed by gamblers as "soft snaps." This is probably because their minds are occupied constantly in their own lines of business and they do not keep up with the ways of the underworld. They are like unsophisticated schoolchildren, particularly if they have the greed germ in their systems. I am sorry to say that some bankers, who are supposed to protect the poor widow and orphans, bankers who advertise that they cannot pay more than four per cent for money and will lend on good security at eight per cent, will, when approached by a grafter or a gambler and shown a way to make one hundred per cent illicitly, eagerly seize the supposed opportunity. It is like taking a stick of candy away from a little child by promising him ten sticks in exchange when you approach a banker with a sure-thing proposition.

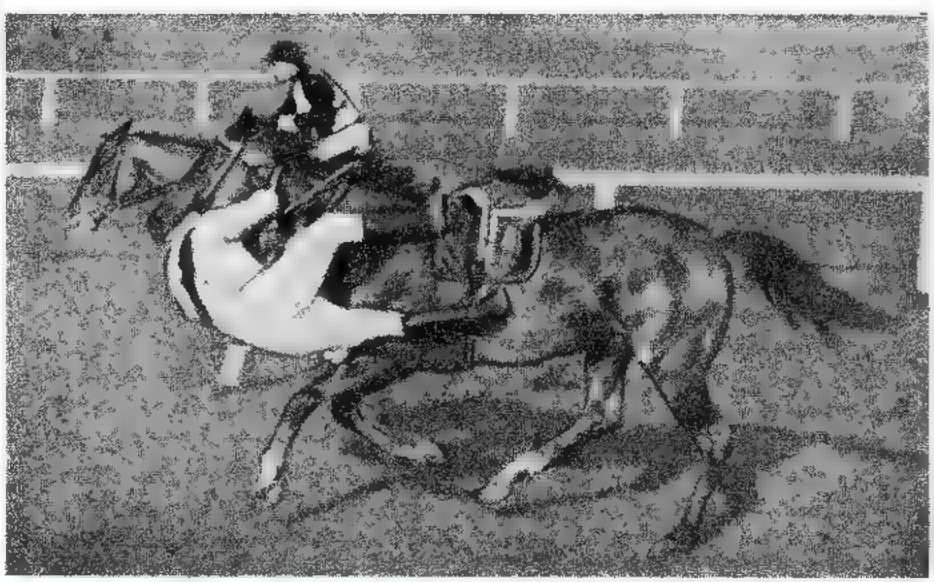
Joe Morris [an old-time race-track man who had introduced Brolaski to gambling] and I concluded to transfer our scene of operations to Cincinnati. On our arrival there we registered at the Gibson House, where we mingled with people who gave surface indications of possessing combinations of such rascality and asininity as were essential for our purpose.

Our first victim was the cashier of the Gibson House. I explained to him the modus operandi of beating the bookmakers. I told him how easy it was, when three horses were entered, to bribe the jockeys of two of them to let the slowest nag win. I dangled the bait of successful rascality before his gaping mouth, and he swallowed it. We relieved him of $1,000, and he lost $3,000 more in the pool-rooms. How much of it was his own money, and how much of it belonged to the hotel company, I did not inquire.

Mr. Morris and I did not remain at the Gibson House, because the general manager, Mr. Horace Dunbar, earnestly requested a cessation of our patronage as guests. Morris went to the Palace Hotel and I, to the Guerdes. There I posed as a wealthy young gentleman of sporting tendencies and, as such, was introduced into a poker game. In two nights I was fleeced of $300.

Then I proposed to pass from the noble army of martyrs and join those who inflict martyrdom. Morris at once became my guide and introduced me to old Joe Blackburn—not the brilliant Kentucky ex-senator of that name, nor yet his cousin or other relative—who instructed me in the tricks of the great American game and coached me to play as his partner. He was the shrewdest and most artistic card sharper between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. He could deal from the bottom of the pack and "hold out" without detection.

I introduced Joe to the game wherein I had dropped $300. I bet high, according



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to previous direction, whenever old Joe dealt the cards and, as a result, Joe and I, in three sittings, took $4,000 from the other players. I do not know what he did to the cards. I did not swindle anybody, I bet all I could when I had a good hand, and I always had the best hand when Joe dealt, which I thought then was only good luck; yet, because of it I was wrongfully accused by the hotel manager of being a "fixer and a cheater," and he quietly but firmly requested me to vacate my room.

The atmosphere about Cincinnati became so unduly charged with unfriendly caloric that Morris and I concluded to return to the Roby race track at Chicago.

While en route to the Windy City we picked up a contributor on the train, and the next day the gentleman gave me $300 to bet on a fixed horse. I went down to the betting ring and did not return until after the horse on which I was supposed to bet had run and lost. If the horse had won I would have told my victim, as I handed him back his money, that I did not reach the betting ring in time to make a bet. But as the horse lost I had only to pocket the money and tell him we must hope for better luck next time.

It was a totally unnecessary steal, for Morris and I had about $5,000 between us.

WE concluded that we would cease fishing for small fry and try to beat the bookmakers themselves. We bet not only on the races being run at Roby, but on those at other tracks as well. We undertook to beat twenty-four races in one day and at first were successful.

On the second day Morris and I had a little argument about a wager. Thinking that I was about as wise as he, I concluded to paddle my own canoe. This I did with some success for two days, but the third day a whirlpool in the stream twisted the paddle from my grasp and landed me forked-end upwards on a rocky bank. Charley Cash, commonly known as "Spitting Charley," was the instrument of my financial downfall.

He saw me in the betting ring, and in the slang of the turf, he spotted me for a sucker. He became confidential. He grew warm with friendship. He led me to bet on fixed horses whose fixing was only in his imagination. He caused me to go broke, for which act of friendship I consigned him at the time to the close custody of the Enemy of Mankind.

But I forgive him now, for, controlled as I was by ignorance and conceit, I would have descended into the pit of insolvency anyhow.

Aside from the physical consequences of a condition of impecuniosity, gambling is to be avoided because of its demoralizing effect on one's mentality and morality, if he has any. Somebody has wisely said, "Poverty makes our souls lean as well as our bodies." I have learned to know that "money talks," and as an expert witness I can testify that it speaks in its saddest and loudest tones when you see the horse on which you have bet come under the wire a loser, and you hear your coin singing, "Good-bye, my lover, goodbye."

Morris had also, about this time, met his financial downfall so, with our tempers sweetened by adversity, we made up our differences. We organized the "Touters' Trust, Limited" (by opportunities only), and agreed to return to our former business of luring adolescent youths and guileless graybeards of conscienceless instincts and sportive proclivities into the business of betting on "fixed horses," and "sure things."

Breaking two-year-olds to the starting gate.

We had no money, but Morris had a valuable watch. He sighed, *"Tempus fugit,"* as he deposited it with his uncle, and we traveled to St. Louis on the proceeds. There I looked up another friend and gave him a pointer on the races, out of which we made and he lost five hundred dollars.

My dear reader, I am going to give you a little advice. If you feel that you must illustrate the proverb that "a fool and his money are soon parted," I will tell you how to get rid of your surplus cash. Take from the racing calendar for the day the names of the horses in all the races. Write them all on separate slips of paper, put these in a hat and shake them up. Draw one and bet on that one. You will lose your bet, of course, but you will have had some *slight* chance to win—which you will *not* have by following the advice of a tout.

If you visit the race track and one of the fraternity offers to give you a tip for a consideration, you give him a tip without any consideration. Give it to him on his nose, and if the flexors and extensors of your right leg are in good condition, kick him. He will not complain. He desires no police court publicity as a complaining witness.

WITH the $500 of easy money obtained at St. Louis we went to New York. There I pursued the honest industry of making acquaintances, whom I introduced to Morris, who proceeded to minister unto them.

From New York we went to Washington, D.C., where we lost our money in crap and keno games. Why will men leave a legitimate and profitable business such as advising their "friends" how to bet on the races, and then venture their hard earnings on so-called games of chance from which the element of chance has been eliminated by the dealer?

Washington proved a barren field. There were senatorial poker games in that city, but we could not get into them. We could have gained access to games played by gentlemen who on $1,800 a year supported families guiltless of race suicide.

So we went to New Orleans where we operated for two months in the poolrooms with varying success, but finally emerged "on our uppers," as the slangwhangers say.

In the spring we went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. There Morris and I again differed and separated, and I became an associate and partner of Lawrence Varner, known as the "Harmony Kid," a notorious dice and card sharp.

Varner initiated me into the various cheating methods in dice and cards, and we operated around Hot Springs quite a little while, being fairly successful.

Going from Hot Springs to Little Rock, and then to St. Louis and Kansas City, Varner and I quarreled and divided on account of his retaining my share of a bankroll of which we divested a greenhorn one night in the Blossom House in Kansas City.

I WENT back to St. Louis and resumed partnership with Morris, he and I going over to Cincinnati, where we found Llewellyn Hatch, commonly known as "Hot Lamb and Peas Hatch," who was trying to promote a night race track, to be called Milldale, opposite Cincinnati. Hatch had an eventful career; nobody had confidence in him. He was looking around for someone to use as a bluffer when I was introduced to him by Morris. Hatch immediately called Morris off to one side and asked him whether I could

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fill the bill as a supposed backer of his enterprise. Morris said I certainly could.

At that time I was dressed in the height of fashion, having a diamond pin and ring, with the usual puffed-up vanity of a youth with a face like a saint.

The proposition of Hatch was that I should pose as the moneyed man who was behind his race-track venture. I agreed immediately to his proposal, with the understanding that Hatch, Morris and I were to divide the spoils equally.

Hatch introduced me to a banker and a liquor dealer of Covington, stating that I was ready to put up $20,000 in the enterprise providing they would guarantee protection for the night track. It did not take long for the banker and liquor man, who were Covington politicians, to agree to protect us when we assured them that they would receive $100 each per night for this protection.

Hatch took me to his contractors who were building the track and had me assume the debts; in other words, I agreed to pay any old price for any old thing to get the track started.

I engaged the Covington band and made a contract with the streetcar company to run special cars to the track. We finally opened the biggest burlesque that was ever put before the public, advertising four races.

Our bankroll consisted on opening night of $108—$30 of which were in the bank. Morris was the bookmaker. We put four books in operation and the prices were something terrific.

On opening night we had probably 2,000 people. Admission was free, and the books won about $500. But, not wanting to let the money slip out of our hands, we concluded to pay the horsemen off in checks the next evening, so that when they tried to get these checks cashed they would be forced to bet them with the books, or at least part of them.

On the second night there was a very heavy plunge on a horse named "His Nibs," and the books stood to lose $3,000. Hatch had secured a one-armed man by the name of Crawford, of Quincy, Illinois, to act as judge; Hatch himself being the starter.

Just before the horses went to post, Morris told me that if His Nibs won the race he could not pay off, and to inform Hatch. I gave the message to Hatch who agreed to leave His Nibs at the post. I went back and told Morris of this, and he took all the money in sight on the horse.

In a few minutes they were off, and His Nibs was left at the post. But all the jockeys in the race had bet on this horse, and when they saw that he was left at the post they, with one accord, commenced to pull up their horses, giving His Nibs an opportunity to catch up with the field, with the result that he won the race by about six lengths.

I went into the judges' stand and told Judge Crawford that he would have to disqualify His Nibs, or the meeting would have to end, as we couldn't pay off. Crawford proved dead game. In the face of a howling mob that had bet on His Nibs, he disqualified the horse for interfering with another horse in the race, which was not the fact.

This luckily was the last race of the night. It was probably owing to this that Crawford's life was saved, as the mob was very angry and justly so.

Morris as soon as the disqualification was posted, immediately took to the high brush. The mob wrecked the judges' stand and the grandstand, and that was the last night of electric-light racing at the Milldale race track.

I crossed to Cincinnati as soon as I could, and took an inventory of what we had taken in, and found that we had about $2,800 between the three of us. We sent Hatch his part, and Morris and I concluded that the atmosphere would be much more salubrious elsewhere, and consequently we left Cincinnati at midnight.

I went to St. Louis where I opened a pool-room in Pool Alley, next to the engine house on Seventh Street, and commenced to make a twenty-five and fifty-cent book, catering to the lowest class of bettors and renting out booths in my pool room for other pool-makers at five dollars per day.

My place was shortly afterwards closed by the police, partly in deference to public opinion and partly because I declined to pay for protection.

I then affiliated with a couple of telegraph operators who were reducing the profits of the pool-rooms in St. Louis, and they used me as a betting commissioner.

ABOUT this time Horace Argo, Coley Ullman, Barney Schriber, and other notorious gamblers were conducting a string of pool-rooms on Fourth Street, opposite the old Planters' House. We took from these rooms much of their ill-gotten gains by obtaining advance information of the San Francisco races over the Postal Telegraph Company's direct wire from San Francisco, beating the Western Union Telegraph Company from three to five minutes. We were only able to work our scheme a few days before the pool-room owners discovered they were being skinned, which necessitated our ceasing operations.

I then went to Chicago with the same two operators and was introduced to William McNutt, who was impecunious at the time. He made the proposition to us that he and old man Stone would cut in on the main pool-room wire at South Chicago, providing I would be the money man and divide it with them, which I agreed to do.

McNutt introduced me to Gussie McKee, who was operating quite extensively as a bettor in a woman's pool-room in Chicago. McNutt asked me to let Miss McKee in on the game, to which my associates and I agreed.

McNutt and Stone "cut in" on the wire, as planned, and we divested the Chicago pool-rooms out of quite a lot of money; especially did we plunder O'Leary and McGinnis, who were running at this time on Clark Street, between Van Buren Street and Jackson Boulevard. But, as usual in many such cases, prosperity killed the goose that laid the golden egg. One of the telegraph operators talked too much, and the next day we could not get a bet.

I do not think there is living today any man who can beat old man Stone or William McNutt when it comes to tapping a wire and beating the pool-rooms at their own game. They are both straight fellows now and are engaged in legitimate business.

At that time I had quite a bankroll. Going back to St. Louis I commenced gambling around East St. Louis, Madison, and South St. Louis race tracks. One of my experiences there was extremely amusing. I had lost quite a good deal of money when Dick Hanlon, a tout, suggested to me that we run a ringer, which

"Tartan" and trainer, John Powers, after winning stake race at Ascot Park, Los Angeles.

I readily agreed to. Anything to get the money!

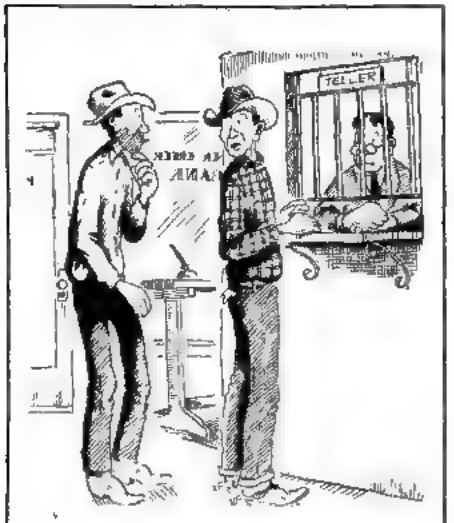
Hanlon took me over to the Fair Grounds and introduced me to a trainer by the name of Arthur Hewlett, who agreed to run a ringer at the South Side Race Track for me providing I would bet $500 for him, which I readily agreed to do.

It was agreed to run a very fast horse the next day as a ringer in the place of "Tom Tough," regularly entered in the race. I gave Dick Hanlon $500 to bet for himself. Hewlett and I bet $500 at four to one. But alas, our ringer lost and I was the victim who was skinned! They had only given me a guess for my money and had not run a ringer at all.

I then changed my operations to Sportsmen Park Race Track. That track was owned and operated by Chris Von der Ahe, who was also president and owner of the St. Louis Browns, the four-time champion baseball team. Von der Ahe lost his entire fortune, including his interest in the St. Louis Browns in this race track venture.

Don Donley and John Ryan had the betting privilege at this track, and they were dealing a fierce game. My first attempt to beat them was successful. I afterward went to Ryan with the statement that I could control a jockey by the name of Harry Davis, and that he would pull all his mounts for me whenever I wanted him to do so. Ryan and Donley agreed to divide the profits with me on any race where Davis rode the favorite.

To make things look good to Ryan, I deposited with him $100, and told him to place the money against the favorite that Davis was to ride. When the betting opened in the race I tipped a number of friends to bet on the favorite, and they put their money on him freely, Ryan boosting the odds all the time, thinking that this favorite would be pulled to lose. But I proceeded quietly, through agents, to place my money on this favorite. The favorite won the race.



"He says we got the only savings account in town that is $34 overdrawn."

I succeeded in obtaining an average price of three to one against a horse that should have one to two. Thus I double-crossed Ryan, and beat him at his game.

For this I was ruled off the track and was not permitted to enter it for three days, when I succeeded in having a political friend secure my reinstatement.

I then started to knock around the country from pillar to post, experiencing the ups and downs of life, existing on turkey one day and feathers the next, until finally, in 1899, I found myself in New Orleans and broke.

I commenced to hustle around the pool-rooms, and managed to get hold of a little money with which I began operating among the steeple-chase jockeys, and framed up a few sure things. I operated also at Memphis until I had accumulated about $15,000.

I bought a few horses and, going East, attempted during the summer to show Eastern bookmakers what a smart Western hustler could do. It did not take the Eastern "dummies," as I considered the race-track gamblers there, long to trim "Mr. Smarty" from the West. I was down and out and broke in short order, and it was coffee and sinkers, arguments with my landlady, and hustling for my laundry money during that summer.

Along in the fall I concluded to try the South, going first to Atlanta, and afterwards to Macon and Augusta, with the usual ups and downs, ins and outs, and on to New Orleans where I doubled up with Ed Arnold. We hustled around New Orleans together, and succeeded in lining up a few suckers to handle at the race track, but we gave them a fixed race one day and were compelled to leave New Orleans on a freight train that night to escape a good drubbing.

Arnold and I took an Illinois Central (Palace) box car, arriving at Brookhaven, Mississippi, just beyond the Louisiana state line, about four o'clock in the morning, and there awaited the Illinois Central passenger train, which took us to Memphis.

From Memphis we went to Hot Springs, and from Hot Springs to Chicago, where, under the name of "E. J. Arnold & Company," we started the notorious get-rich-quick proposition along race horse lines.

We soon moved to St. Louis, where we could not agree as to our partnership matters and separated.

I WENT to Buffalo to "do" the people attending the Pan-American Exposition. I opened up five rail-road ticket brokers' or scalpers' offices on Exchange Street, which were only a blind. In the rear of each of these ticket offices I had a gambling joint—and various gambling games, all intended to trim the suckers. I had cappers or runners out working trains and steering people to my ticket offices supposedly, but in reality to my gambling operation. I was doing business with Buffalo Murphy who was giving me protection from police interference, and also with one or two politicians of Buffalo. I cleaned up over $60,000 during the Pan-American season, after paying the cappers and runners fifty per cent of all the business they steered to me, and paying well for the protection given me.

About this time E. J. Arnold was in pretty sore financial straits in St. Louis. On several occasions I sent him money.

Soon after the Pan-American Exposition I went to New Orleans, and cleaned up there during the winter of 1901-1902. I then returned to St. Louis, was initiated into the mysteries of the stock exchange, and attempted to corner the corn market with my insignificant sum of money. As a result I went broke like a flash.

In May of 1902 I went to Chicago, obtained backing and opened up "H. Brolaski & Company," cooperative bookmakers. I operated with great success for the first three or four months, and at one time had over $500,000. But on Friday, the thirteenth day of February, 1903 (mark the combination), H. Brolaski & Company was closed, and I concluded that a trip to Europe would benefit my health. I sailed from New York on the steamer *Etsuria* of the Cunard line, taking with me my old friend Morris, who had started me in the business of gambling and grafting.

On my arrival back in New York I was broken in health and pocketbook, and was taken quite sick there, which necessitated an operation. Having confidence in only one physician, Dr. William Harvey of Chicago, I concluded to go there to have the operation performed. I was operated upon on the day of the American Derby that was won by "The Picket."

The operation was successful. I stayed at the Garfield Park Sanitarium for about four weeks, and then went to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where I spent a month or two recovering my strength. I was soon again in St. Louis, where I organized a company and purchased the steamer *Hill City*, and put her in the excursion business there.

I obtained a bank roll from a gambler friend and was booking at the Delmar Race Track at St. Louis, with more or less success, when finally I became a past master at the art of cheating the Cella, Adler and Tillis combination at their own game. I quit the Delmar Race Track with a bank roll of about $60,000 of which a third was mine.

Not being sufficiently wise to know that I could not gamble and run a business at the same time I gave way to my gambling spirit and, going to San Francisco at the opening of the races at the Emeryville track, I staked Sam Stephens and Frank Bain to book for me. Not being satisfied with these two bookmakers, who thoroughly understood their business, I, myself, cut in and went along for quite a little while, until I lost all my money.

I left San Francisco on New Year's Day, 1904 broke, arriving at St. Louis with hardly enough to pay my hack fare from the depot to the Southern Hotel. I

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then commenced to figure with several gamblers to get them to put up money to rebuild my boat, and finally succeeded in securing a loan and finished the vessel, re-naming her *Corwin H. Spencer* after a prominent businessman of St. Louis.

I started out in the spring of the World's Fair year as master of that steamer, the greatest floating gambling hall that ever existed on the Mississippi or any other river.

IN the fall of 1904 I took my boat to New Orleans. I purchased a string of race horses and commenced to book again, in addition to running excursions for gambling purposes. I also purchased "Tartan," the best race horse I ever owned.

I lost quite a good deal of money that winter, as it rained for nine consecutive Sundays and killed my excursion business.

In April, 1905 I departed New Orleans on the *Corwin H. Spencer* for St. Louis, shipped my stable of race horses to Memphis, in charge of Johnnie Powers, my trainer, and placed my steamer in the excursion business at St. Louis, continuing in that undertaking during the summer.

On October 12, I lost my boat by fire and came very near losing my life, being rescued from a fiery death by Fred Hemmerly, my watchman, and a Negro called "Dutch Frank."

I shipped my string of horses to Latonia, and then went back to New Orleans, where I gambled with the usual ups and downs; and in the spring of 1906 found myself with a stable of race horses and no cash. I was compelled to go to work as manager of the games on the Mississippi river steamer *City of Providence*, on a percentage basis of thirty per cent. I controlled and managed the gambling games on the *City of Providence* during the summers of 1906-07-08.

I shipped Tartan to Los Angeles in the fall of 1906 and ran him short in one race without Trainer Powers' knowledge that the horse had been taken out and worked in the morning—one of the first cases of night riding in California. The horse finished last, as I had planned he should, not even taking my trainer into the scheme. The next day Tartan was in a stake race, and was backed from ten to one to two to one, and won pulled up.

In the spring of 1907 I sold Tartan to John Brink of Los Angeles. This grand horse was later cut down and destroyed in a race. A nobler and gamer animal never lived.

Going back to St. Louis I steamboated in the summer, and in the fall I again attempted to clean up on some of the pool-rooms throughout the country, but was unsuccessful, owing to a misunderstanding of my betting instructions, which left me high and dry and flat broke.

After stints in Memphis, New York, St. Louis, and Los Angeles, none successful, I conceived the idea of promoting a race track at Tia Juana, Mexico in March 1909.

Organizing my company at Los Angeles and San Diego, I went to the City of Mexico and obtained a concession against great odds. Here it looked as though I had a million dollars in my inside vest pocket—"almost," as the Dutchman would say.

Let it suffice to state that while struggling to promote the Tia Juana scheme I was called to Washington, D.C., and there surrounded by such conditions that a sad and stunning realization of my awful career seized me and I vowed I would not only forsake the life of a grafter and gambler, but would give the best efforts of my remaining days to saving others from its hellish whirlpools.

The life I have led has been a terrible one at times. I have never liked the business, but it was money ringing in my ears all the time. I have met many a true-hearted man who was a gambler and a grafter, yet who would lay down his life for a woman or a child. My acquaintance has been among pickpockets, thieves, highway robbers, safe blowers, grafters, gamblers, policemen, stool pigeons, politicians, railroad men, bankers, doctors, lawyers, governors, ministers; and, in fact, I have classed among my friends men and women in every walk of life, from the highest to the lowest.

When I think at times of the corruption, of the double-dealing, of the conniving, four-flushing and sham lives that eighty per cent of the people in the world are leading, it appalls me. There is only one thing that will wipe crime off the face of the earth, and that is by turning on the searchlight of publicity. Exposure is the only remedy—the only cure for evils mentally, physically, morally and socially. The fear of letting your fellowmen or fellow-women know what you are really doing is the only hope for these diseases.

To cure the gambler, grafter or thief, first expose his methods, and then help him to overcome his passion for gambling, grafting or whatever tends to weaken him, and teach him to walk the straight and narrow. If the religious bodies of all denominations would act a little more along these lines, they could get better results.

I desire to emphasize one fact: To gamble means an attempt to obtain something for nothing. Even when you gamble on the square, the percentages are against you. I sincerely trust that by my exposures I will be able to do my fellowmen some good, and thus atone in some degree for my heartless preying upon the unsophisticated in years gone by.

Harry Brolaski

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NUGGETS

Bill Haynes, a waddie from Hot Springs, Montana.

Turk Greenough grew up to become a world champion cowboy; this is Turk as he appeared in the early 1900s.

Benny Reynolds is a waddie who has his own cattle ranch in the western part of Montana.

Helen "Bear-Bait" Edwards of the White Tail Dude Ranch with her two tame skunks.

EASTERNERS HELP KEEP THE OLD WEST ALIVE

By Helen Clark

In Western jargon, a word which intrigues the tourist is "waddie," but he may never find it in some dictionaries for it is not of this country. That word comes from Australia, from the noun "waddy," meaning a war club; and the verb, "waddy," which means to attack or beat with a waddy. The American word "cowboy" is similar in its connection to "cowpoke," which implies poking the cow with a stick by the boy or man who wants the cow to move. Waddie is a synonym for cowpoke, and both expressions are favorites in the American West, although cowpoke is rarely in the dictionary; cowboy is.

Most visitors to the West are not content until they have seen a waddie and an Indian, yet surprisingly many do not know where to look. Dude ranches, which by their operators are called "guest ranches," are ideal places on which to find cowboys, and the native American can be found on reservations, as well as in towns and cities.

The horse and cow wranglers of yesterday have been largely replaced by waddies on guest ranches because the horse and cattle herds and wild mustangs no longer necessitate the services of many cowboys. On many ranches, machines have taken over much of the work earlier performed by men. On dude ranches, however, which are often jumping-off places to vast wilderness areas, the waddy is still very much in demand and is a hero to the guests.

As women began to manage guest ranches, become cattle queens and licensed outfitter-guides, they came to be included in the designation, waddie. One such woman was Helen Edwards of the White Tail Dude Ranch in the Black Tail Valley of western Montana.

Helen was one of the first Treasure State women to become a licensed outfitter-guide, and she was a handsome waddie. There was nothing men could do in the way of dude wrangling that she couldn't. When her husband Tom was busy bringing hunters into and out of the Edwards hunting camp in Bob Marshall Wilderness, Helen stayed alone between parties of guests at the isolated camp to fight off the grizzlies that loved to raid their supplies. In the course of time, she became

Mike Quinn of Boulder, Montana is a waddie who at one time put on his own rodeos.

known as "Bear-Bait Helen."

The strangest experience to befall this dark-haired petite woman, concerned some baby skunks which were born under the main lodge at the White Tail Ranch. The mother of the baby skunks must have been killed, so Helen and Tom decided to raise the three kittens. It meant hours of patient feeding; Tom "defrosted" the little ones, so there would be no unpleasant odor.

The little skunks thrived on the care and affection given them. As they grew bigger, Helen discovered that they loved to be swung by their tails. She would get a firm hold near the spine, and swing each one to and fro. Each of the pets would beg for more.

With full growth, the skunks began to travel farther and farther from home, but every few weeks they would return be treated to tidbits and swung by the tail.

One morning when Helen looked out the window, she saw three skunks on her lawn and went out to greet them. She reached down and picked one up by the tail to give it the usual swing, when lo, she discovered too late it was not one of her defrosted three. With all that aroma, it took real courage for Helen to be a stout-hearted waddie and go through defrosting all her own.

A large horse herd, and sometimes a bunch of mules are a necessity on a guest ranch. Many cowboys are needed to escort the riders from the ranch proper to scenic points of interest in the surrounding mountains, where lakes usually abound and the fishing is fine. The waddies do more than merely instruct in horseback riding. They help the guests bait hooks, show them how to approach wild animals for photographing, how to collect specimens of wild flowers, and how to sing Western songs around evening campfires.

Although Charlie Russell bemoaned the fact that "the West is dead," the West is very much alive and in the milder months peopled by Easterners who have never seen the West before. Thanks to such guests, waddies have a much easier life than the cowboys of the West which Russell knew.

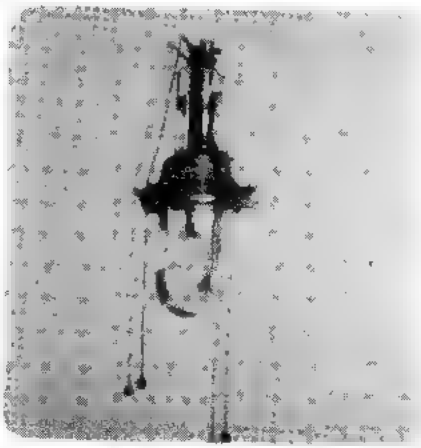
Here's to the waddies who pack up the bedding, groceries and gear, and keep guests from getting lost, drowned or bucked away. It's the waddies who get the generous tips and loving letters after the visitors have returned to their far-away homes!

DON'T BLOW OUT THE GAS!

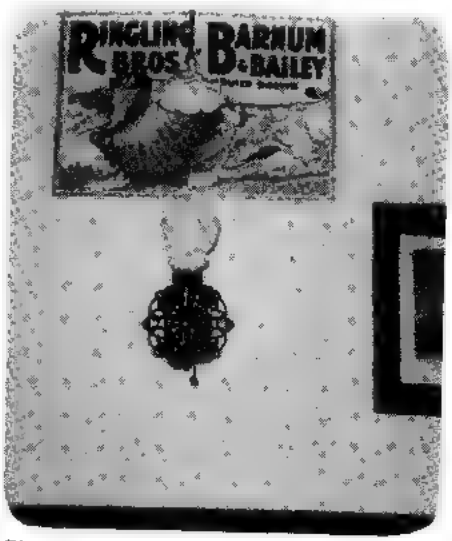
By William H. Richardson

For centuries, the chief methods of artificial lighting were grease lamps, candles, and the fireplace. In 1760 an Englishman, George Nixon, lit a room with "inflammable air" (coal gas). The office of Carlisle Spedding was lit with natural gas in 1765. Others followed these early attempts, but lighting with gas was just a novelty to most people.

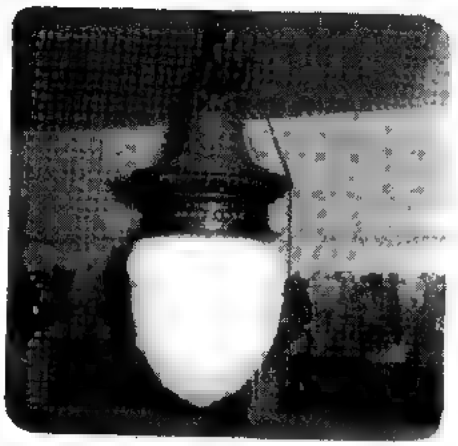
In 1801 a Frenchman, Philippe Lebon, invented the "Thermolamp." It gained little success in France, but did slowly catch on in England. Three years later, Frederick Albert Winsor lit the Lyceum Theatre in London with gas. This demonstration was considered something of a joke, but despite opposition, the National Light and Heat Company was founded in 1812. Gas first lit London streets in 1814.



"Reflex" gas lights for natural gas used a single mantle burner with a pilot light.



Single mantle with pilot light, used in the Riverside Hotel, Medford, Oregon.



Three-mantle burner type with pilot light, used in a store in Santa Ana, California.

Brass arm, lava tip burner, and frosted shade, from Virginia City, Nevada.

Although some natural gas was used, the vast majority of illuminating gas was manufactured. Coke was burned in ovens and the gas emitted was collected and relayed through mains to homes and businesses. By 1819, 288 miles of mains had been laid in London. These mains supplied some 51,000 burners.

The use of gaslights spread from London throughout Europe and across the Atlantic to the United States. In 1816, the Philadelphia New Theatre was lit with gas. A gasworks for the entire city followed in 1836, but by that time, most of the major cities in the East already were gas lit. In more rural areas, you could be as up to date as the city dwellers with your own gasworks in your basement.

By the 1850s, nearly all cities,

(Continued on page 60)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

CHIEF LAWYER

Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perce Indians by Clifford M. Drury (The Author H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, Calif. 91209, 304 pages, $22.75 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

The author, a well-known historian and writer, plays the "devil's advocate" in the century-old controversy over Chief Lawyer's role in the Nez Perce treaty negotiations with the U.S. government at Walla Walla in 1855 and at Lapwai in 1863.

Chief Lawyer's critics have called him a traitor to his tribe. In contrast, Drury draws a portrait of a wise chief, deeply concerned over the welfare of his people.

Drury's book is a fascinating biography of one of the great Indian chiefs of the Pacific Northwest. It is the first biography ever written about Chief Lawyer.

The book is illustrated and includes an appendix, bibliography and analytical index. It is volume fourteen in the publisher's Northwest Historical Series. Highly recommended.

STEAMBOATS

Steamboats Come True by James Thomas Flexner (Little Brown and Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02106, 406 pages, $12.95 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

This reprint edition of a book first published in 1944 includes a new foreword and many new illustrations. It is the story of steamboats in America.

The author pays particular attention to men such as Robert Fulton, James Rumsey and John Fitch. Fitch's most efficient steamboat ran on schedule in 1790, seventeen years before Fulton's steamboat called *Clermont*.

This attractive reprint edition is not only a history but a tribute to American development of this mode of transportation and to Yankee ingenuity.

The author lives in New York City. His earlier books include *The Young Hamilton, Doctors on Horseback*, and *The Traitor and the Spy*.

THREE ESSAYS

The Grave of John Wesley Hardin — Three Essays on Grassroots History by C.L. Sonnichsen (Texas A & M Press, Drawer C, College Station, Tex. 77843, 90 pages, $6.50 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

C.L. Sonnichsen is known in the Southwest as the "grassroots historian." This work is number five in the publisher's Essays on the American West series. In his preface Dr. Sonnichsen writes that his three essays "have two things in common." He notes: "First, they deal with grassroots history — a thing quite different from formal history as written by academic historians. The first one tells something about what a grassroots historian is and how he works. The second and third are examples of what he does."

His second essay concerns a typical Texas feud. Dr. Sonnichsen relies on his personal experience to relate the background and social implications of a feud.

His third essay describes his involvement with the family of John Wesley Hardin as they worked to erect a marker over the gunman's grave.

Dr. Sonnichsen's essays are thought-provoking. They provide good reading. All three are recommended reading.

BIG BEND TRAIL DRIVES

Early Trail Drives in the Big Bend by W.D. Smithers (Texas Western Press, Univ. of Texas, El Paso, Tex. 79968, 32 pages, $3.00 paperback, 6 x 9 inches).

This is an account of the trail drives early in this century in the Big Bend area of Texas. The author, born in 1895, was with the U.S. Army there from 1915 to 1920. He observed and photographed many of the early cattle drives. Later he opened a photographic shop in San Antonio.

This nicely produced booklet is monograph number 55 in the publisher's Southwestern Studies series. It not only includes Smithers recollections in his words but a selection of his photographs. Smithers now lives in El Paso.

The booklet is a welcome addition to literature concerning the cattle trade in the Big Bend region. Recommended.

BLACK PIONEERS

Black Pioneers by Dorothy Bass Spann as told to Inez Hunt (Little London Press, 716 E. Washington, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80900, 40 pages, $2.50 paperback, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This little booklet contains the history of the author's family in Colorado Springs, and the author's own history. She spent her lifetime in the Pikes Peak Region. As a child she lived on the grounds of Glen Eyrie when her father, Jesse Bass, was employed by General William Jackson Palmer to train his fine horses.

From the family's quarters Dorothy Spann saw an elegance of life which influenced her entire life. The booklet is nicely produced and contains many old photos.

NEZ PERCE INDIANS

The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. (Univ. of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 667 pages, $29.50 hardcover, $9.95 paperback).

This reprint is an abridged edition of the original 1965 work. Quotations and descriptions have been condensed or deleted and the lengthy end notes and plates omitted.

The work is a history of the Nez Perce Indians from the days of Lewis and Clark in the early 1800s through the Idaho gold rush of 1863 and the Nez Perce war of the late 1870s.

The author wrote the book to acquaint the general reader with the Nez Perce story. He succeeded. The vast amount of detail in the original edition gave many readers more material than they wanted; this new abridged edition is much improved from the reader's point of view. The story flows much better. Yet the book still captures the spirit of the Nez Perce story during the last century.

A good bibliography and index are included. Recommended.

FAR WEST IN VERSE

The Far West's Race With Death by Frank A. Lydic (published by the author, General Delivery, Joliet, Ill. 60431, 12 pages, sorry no price given, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This small pamphlet, limited to 100 numbered copies, is the story in *verse*

(Continued on page 62)

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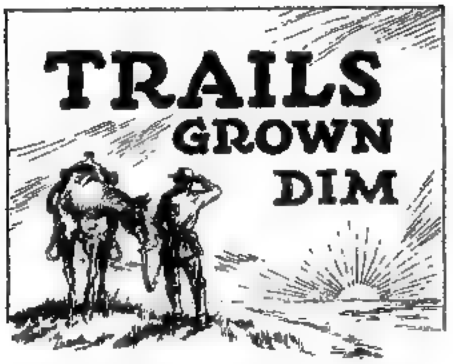

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

McClimans

I am looking for information on William E. McClimans. He was born on April 4, 1854 in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. William was the son of Samuel and Jane Cannon McClimans. He was also the grandson of Hugh P. and Elizabeth Ferguson McClimans who was born in Virginia. They died in 1777 in the Salem Township, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Hugh P. and his brother, William, who married Mary Ritchy, were natives of Scotland.

William E. McClimans died in Tacoma, Washington on February 4, 1912. His brother, Thomas Milton, was born March 10, 1861 and died in Lincoln, Nebraska on December 5, 1906. I am the great-granddaughter of another brother, Samuel Alonzo, who died November 29, 1949 in Greenville, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Please write—Ileene Welk Rozich, 362 Iowa Avenue, Girard, Ohio 44420

Coffman-Land-Smith-Evans

I am looking for information on Julia Coffman Land Smith Evans, the daughter of Sarah and ———Coffman. Julia was born in or near Kansas City, Missouri in 1866. Julia met John Land in Missouri about 1878. They were married about 1879 or 1880. They had five children: Tillie, Mollie Rose, Rosealie, John and Bill. John Land died July 5, 1891 in Sonora, California. I do not know much about John Land. I think he came from Missouri because that is where he met Julia.

Julia then married Sidney Smith in Chinese Camp, California on December 24, 1890. They had twins Sidney Earl and little Julia. Julia died at six months six days. Sidney Smith, Sr. lived in Gold Springs near Columbia State Park, which is now called Gold Springs Subdivision, and he lived most of his life in Sonora, California. He was a well respected man back in the 1800s. He was a native of New Hampshire and was listed in the State Park record books as a big rancher. He died on June 14, 1897 in Sonora.

Then Julia married Edward John Evans. They had six children: Clarence, Ruth, Lillian, Lawrence, Jerry and Charlotte. I do not know where Edward John Evans and Julia met. Julia died on November 22, 1917 and at that time all but Lillian and little Julia were alive. If you have anything on these people or know of them please write to me.—Mrs. Josephine Brown, 254 Pine Street, San Andreas, California 95249

Reed-Wood-Taylor

My great - great - great - grandfather Charles Reed was born in Newport, Monmouthshire, England January 27, 1826. He immigrated to America in 1851. On July 7, 1853 he married Mary Melvina Wood born June 27, 1835. Charles Reed died July 12, 1888 and is buried in Blue Point, Iowa. Their daughter Minnie May was born in Medina, Orleans County, New York on May 11, 1854. She married William Asbury Taylor in Washington Township, Iowa on October 17, 1872.

Who were Charles Reed's parents? Did he have children other than Minnie May? Does anyone know who Mary Wood's parents were or where her family was from? Family tradition says she was also born in Medina, New York.

I would appreciate any information on these people, would like to hear from any descendants, and will answer all letters. —R. J. Christenson, 1828 Powell, Apt. 3, San Pablo, California 94806

Clark(e)-Sheffield

I am seeking information on Atlas and Elizabeth ——— Clark and Isham and Harriet ——— Sheffield.

Atlas Clarke(e) was born 1820-25 in either Mississippi or Tennessee. Both places are given in the census records. His wife Elizabeth was born between 1825-32 in Alabama. They had nine children: William E. or A. (both initials given in the census) born in 1845, Mary born in 1846/7, Nancy P. born in 1849, Gobberg M. born in 1851, Nathan M. born in 1853, Sofroney E. born in 1855 and Charles H. born in 1857. All were born in Mississippi. Matthew Columbus was born on July 10, 1859 and Matilda was born in 1865/6 in Texas.

The 1850 census shows that Atlas and Elizabeth Clarke were in Lauderdale County, Mississippi. In the 1860 census they were in Bowie County, Texas and the "e" had been dropped from the name "Clark." In 1870 Elizabeth was the head of the household in Wood County, Texas. Atlas Clark was said to have been hung by either the bushwhacker or the reconstruction group after the Civil War.

Does anyone have information on the above children of Atlas and Elizabeth Clark or their descendants? Matthew Columbus Clark, my husband's grandfather, never talked of his family except his brother, Bill (William), who was an amateur wrestler. The last time Matthew saw Bill was on a flatboat going down the river to Louisiana or Mississippi. Also are there any Clarks in Mississippi who might be related to Atlas Clark?

Isham Sheffield was born in 1835 in Alabama and his wife, Harriet was born in 1843 in Mississippi. They were in the 1870 census of Bowie County, Texas. They had four children: William E. born in 1859/60; Nancy Almeda born on August 10, 1862; Sarah F. born in 1866/7; and John Thomas born in 1869. Isham was said to have drowned in the Sabine River sometime before 1880. In the 1880 census Harriet was a widow at the age of 38 and she and her son, John Thomas, age eleven, were living in Rains County, Texas near Matthew Columbus and Nancy Almeda (Sheffield) Clark. Does anyone have any information on the children of Isham and Harriet Sheffield? Also are there any Sheffields in Alabama or Georgia who might be related to Isham Sheffield?—Eola M. Clark, 3280 Rustic Drive, Santa Clara, California 95051

Martin-Higley

I am searching for a great uncle. Elbert Eli Martin was born January 22, 1881 and I presume him to be dead. He was known as "Bert." I would like to know his final resting place or any information about him. He was a secretary for Teddy Roosevelt and saved Teddy's life from a man by the name of John Schrawnke.

He worked for the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York, and was a lawyer in Vermont, New York and Michigan. His last correspondence to his sister (my grandmother) was in the 1940s. He married a woman by the name of Mabel and had a stepdaughter, Helen Higley. If I could locate Helen Higley or anyone knowing of her or Bert Martin, I would very much appreciate it.— Sandra J. Gingery, Rt. 2, Box 90, Plains, Montana 59859

Lee-Davis-Madison

I am interested in contacting any descendants of Richard "Lighthorse" Henry Lee, General Marquis de LaFayette, and the Madisons of Orange County, Virginia. After compiling a minute portion of my father's family history, I have discovered that these families had a decided influence on the life of my ancestor, one William L. Davis (later a Reverend in the Southern Baptist Church).

Reverend William L. Davis was born July 1, 1765 in Orange County, Virginia, fourth child of Jonathan "John" and Lucy Gibbs Davis. At the age of sixteen, William enlisted from Virginia with the main forces of the Marquis de LaFayette. I have no dates or places. Sometime after his enlistment William received a head wound. With no food or water for days and only a rag for a bandage, his condition worsened until word of his plight was delivered to Gen. LaFayette. The General sent for William and personally

(Continued on page 62)

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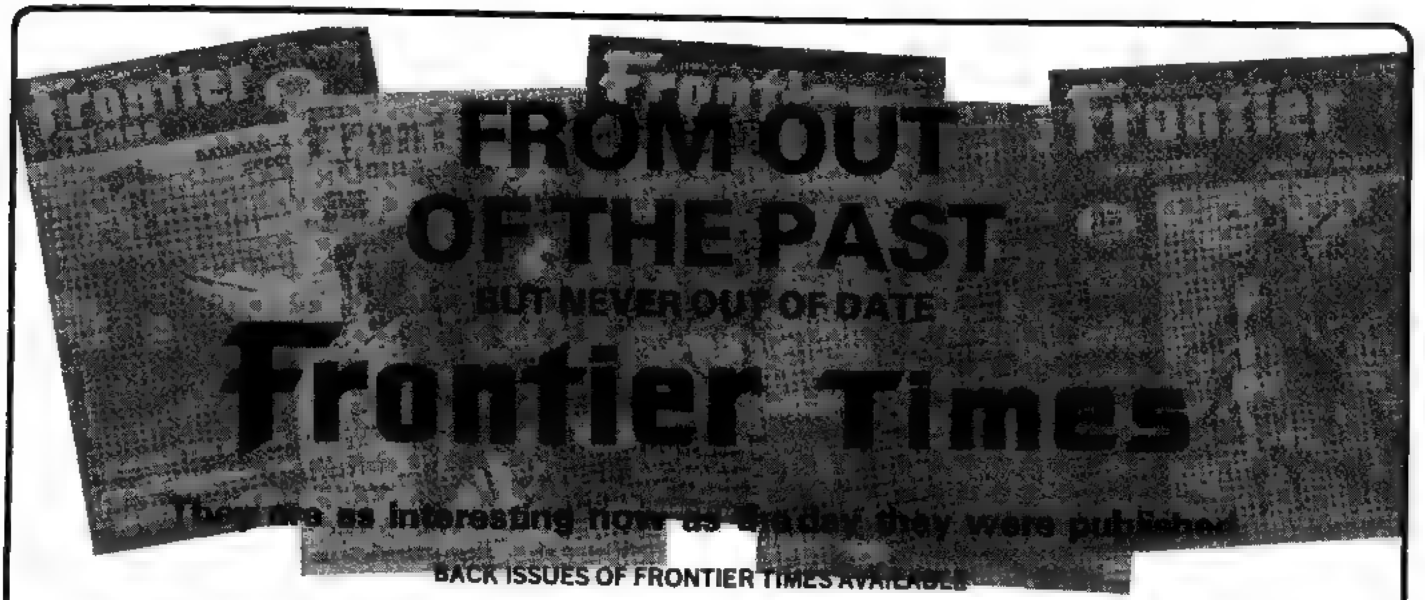

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(Continued from page 7)

wagons, and otherwise readying for a migration West, perhaps all the way to California. Finally Mart's wife sent word that he had recovered sufficiently to travel, and his four brothers led a large party of heavily armed men toward Georgetown.

The Horrell group sallied into town after dark and rode boldly to the jail. While the others stood guard with rifles, Bill Bowen dismounted and assaulted the door with a sledgehammer. When aroused townspeople rushed toward the scene of commotion, both groups began firing. Bowen ignored a bullet which drew blood, and kept swinging his hammer until the door shattered.

When A. S. Fisher, a local lawyer, was seriously wounded, the citizens retreated and the jailbreakers thundered triumphantly out of town.

The Horrell boys, Bill Bowen and his brother Tom, Ben Turner, and several other cowboy-gunmen made final preparations for their exodus from Lampasas County. They were such a formidable force that they went unchallenged by the authorities. The Horrells even informed the county sheriff of their exit route, audaciously confident that they would not be molested. In Coleman County they halted long enough to transact a cattle deal with Monroe Cooksey and Jack Clayton, cradling Winchesters in their laps even while in camp and remaining constantly ready to fight. Unhurriedly the Horrells led their party into New Mexico Territory, settling their herd for the winter on range leased from Jack Gilliam near the head of the Hondo River in vast, lawless Lincoln County.

The youngest Horrell brother, Ben, continued the family pastime of drunkenly shooting up the nearest town. On the night of December 1, 1873 Ben and a few friends were thus employed in tiny Lincoln when constable Juan Martinez approached and threatened to arrest them. Shooting erupted and quickly became general, and Ben was fatally wounded. Martinez also was killed, as were Dave Warner and Jack Gilliam, two of Ben's drinking companions. It was rumored that Mexican townspeople gunned down Horrell and Gilliam after the pair had surrendered, and that Ben's gold ring was stolen by chopping off his finger.

The Texans on the Hondo River were enraged and, of course, grimly vowed revenge. Within days two area Mexicans were killed on the Horrell grasslands, and Sheriff A. H. Mills led a large posse to the Rio Hondo. The Horrells had forted up in an adobe building, and after all-day skirmishing

the posse pulled back to Lincoln.

A fortnight later, on the twentieth of December, the Horrells raided a Mexican wedding dance at a private home in Lincoln. At midnight Mart, Sam, Tom, and two other gunmen rode up to the house and began firing through the windows and doors. Lario Balazan, Jose Candelario, Isidro Padilla, and Isidro Patron were killed, two other Mexicans were wounded, and rewards up to $500 were posted for the Horrells.

The Texans defied capture and drover Ed Hart hauled deputy sheriff Joseph Haskins out of his bed and shot him to death. There were mass meetings in Lincoln; residents who did not desert the area began to arm and organize themselves; and Sheriff Mills appealed for help from federal and territorial authorities. Ben Turner, a brother-in-law who had fought beside the Horrells in every battle since the Matador Saloon, was killed in one shootout, and with the entire countryside mobilizing against them the Texans suddenly ended the "Horrell War" by pulling out in February 1874 and pointing their caravan toward Lampasas County.

The Horrells had to fight their way back to West Texas, withstanding Mexicans, an Indian threat, and an all-out gunbattle at Hueco Tanks, thirty miles east of El Paso. On the return journey Ed Hart, Bill Applegate, Zack Crumpton, and a cowboy names Still had slipped away from the main party and stolen some horses from two ranches in the Roswell area. The owners pursued with several men and jumped the Horrells at Hueco Tanks. Hart and Still were mortally wounded, but the Horrell gunmen killed five Mexicans and the decimated posse limped back to New Mexico.

By the end of February the Horrells reached home, establishing a new spread just across the Burnet County line about ten miles southeast of Lampasas. Within a week the Horrels were jumped by a band of "Minute Men," who succeeded in wounding Jerry Scott and a drover named Johnny Green. Merritt Horrell also was nicked, but he escaped, along with Mart and Tom who rode up during the fight, then spurred away under the fire into the brush. The regulator group never followed up this foray, and for a year the Horrells lived in unaccustomed tranquillity. But deadly trouble was brewing with their old neighbor, Pink Higgins.

John Pinckney Calhoun Higgins was known as an abrasive rancher who had served as an officer in the Ku Klux Klan, suffered wounds on two occasions while fighting Indians, and ramrodded trail drives to Kansas. Pink's best shooting was done with a Winchester, which he fired by pulling the trigger with his thumb when jerking back the lever, and he exhibited no reluctance in turning his rifle on members of the Horrell faction.

Higgins claimed that when the Horrell boys were growing up he had often known their father to whip them with a gunbelt for stealing calves, and when they returned from New Mexico Pink kept a wary eye on his range. Soon after the Horrells resumed ranching in the vicinity, Pink discovered one of their drovers, Zeke Terrell, butchering a Higgins cow that he had just shot. From ninety yards Higgins dropped Terrell with a Winchester bullet. He then disemboweled the dead animal and stuffed Terrell's corpse inside. Higgins next rode into town, found the local law officers, and told them where they could find a miracle taking place — a cow giving birth to a man.

Within the next year Higgins clashed with another Horrell desperado, Ike Lantier, who in the past had used his guns with Quantrill's raiders and as a buffalo hunter. Higgins and Lantier crossed paths at a waterhole, and Lantier went for his pistol. But Higgins, who alertly had unsheathed his Winchester, pumped a slug into Lantier's belly, and the gunman dropped from his saddle and died within minutes.

The Horrell faction accepted these acts of war with uncharacteristic tolerance because they had decided to clear themselves of charges concerning the Matador Saloon shootout of the previous year. Merritt Horrell and Bill Bowen surrendered themselves in September 1874, produced a $10,000 bond apiece, and finally stood trial two years later in October 1876. Both men were acquitted, and the Horrells now felt free to settle with Pink Higgins.

But Higgins intended to act first. While riding across the range with his brother-in-law, Bob Mitchell, and Bill Wren, Higgins encountered one-eyed Tom Horrell. Higgins began to curse Horrell and threatened to kill him, but Tom nervily pointed out that there could be no "credit" in gunning down an outnumbered man. Wren, who later became a law officer, talked Higgins out of shooting Tom, although Pink remained determined to take the fight to the Horrells.

He found his opportunity on January 22, 1877. Higgins later claimed that the Horrells had tried to rustle three dozen of his steers, and he felt it necessary to move aggressively.

On a cold Monday Higgins learned that Merritt Horrell, the youngest living brother, was warming himself in the Matador Saloon. Pink entered the saloon, called Merritt by name, then shot the unarmed man with his Winchester. The impact knocked Merritt off his feet, but he rose shakily and leaned on the shoulder of a man named Ervin. Higgins then fired again, and once more Merritt was slammed to the floor. When Higgins cold-bloodedly triggered two more bullets into Horrell, he died almost instantly.

Stunned by the violent death of a third brother, the Horrells stayed within the law and joined a posse which arrested four Higgins men. Otherwise there was no immediate retaliation, so again Higgins seized the initiative.

Two months later, on March 26, Tom and Mart were scheduled for an appearance in the Lampasas court of Judge W. A. Blackburn. Higgins and several of his men set an ambush four miles east of town at a stream afterward christened "Battle Branch." When Tom and Mart reached the creek about ten in the morning they stopped to water their mounts, and the bushwhackers opened fire.

Tom was knocked out of the saddle by a bullet in the hip, and Mart suffered a flesh wound in the neck. His horse bolted, but Mart controlled the animal and turned back to his immobile brother. Mart jumped off his skittish mount, brandishing his Winchester, and routed the ambushers with a one-man charge.

Mart managed to carry Tom to the nearby house of a man named Tinnins, then galloped into town for help. A Higgins rider named Bill Tinker soon was arrested, but even though Tom and Mart identified him as one of their assailants, Tinker was released when he came up with an alibi. The Horrells also accused Bill Wren, and after the countryside was scoured Wren finally turned himself in. Wren, too, went unprosecuted, and in April Higgins and Bob Mitchell surrendered and

immediately posted $10,000 bail each. The disgusted Horrells decided to exact their own brand of justice.

In June, as soon as he was able to ride, Tom led a party of his brothers and cowhands to a line camp owned by Higgins. At dawn the Horrell men were inside the stock corral when two Higgins riders emerged from the line shack to cook their breakfast. The surprised cowboys were cut down with rifle fire, and the Horrells hastily rode away. Pink Higgins arrived later in the day and found one of his hands still alive, although the man died three days later of his chest wound.

On the eleventh of June the courthouse was broken into and all records pertaining to the feud were stolen. Even while summer tourists were arriving in the resort community, Lampasas was sliding back toward the rawness of its frontier origins. At ten in the morning on Thursday, June 14, 1877, the two factions encountered each other in the town square, and a pitched battle took place.

The three living Horrell brothers were present, along with Bill and Tom Bowen, John Dixon, and Bill Crabtree. Accompanying Pink Higgins were Bill Wren, Bob Mitchell, and another cowboy.

Mitchell's father and two brothers, Frank and Alonzo, were in town unloading flour from a parked wagon. When the shooting started Frank Mitchell, who had taken no part in the feud, was hit in the back and dropped dead within sight of his horrified kin.

Bill Wren sprinted toward a wagon yard a block north of the square, but a woman named Gracey was in the line of fire, and Wren changed directions toward his tethered mount. As he ran, a bullet struck him in the buttocks, but he struggled up an outside stairway to a second-story hotel window and began firing.

The fight now became a standoff, and before noon Higgins slipped out of town, returning in less than an hour with reinforcements. Almost immediately, however, townspeople concerned over their streets becoming a battlefield descended upon the combatants, and under a cease-fire both factions left town in different directions.

Determined to finish the Horrells, Higgins armed all fourteen members of his crew with new Winchester .73 rifles in July and led this impressive force on a raid against the Horrell ranch. One of Higgins' riders was Jess Standard, my great-grandfather. For two days the Higgins party rained Winchester bullets on the Horrell dwelling and bunkhouse, but their fire was vigorously returned and the attackers were held at bay. Higgins sent back to his headquarters for food, not realizing the defenders had been unsuccessfully besieged before.

When Pink's ammunition ran low his band had merely wounded two Horrell men, and in exasperation he ordered a with drawal. A few days later, on July 25, Higgins sent Carson Graham into Lampasas to buy tobacco, whiskey, and ammunition. Outside of town Graham was intercepted by the Horrells and shot to death, and beside his body the Horrells traced their brand in the dust.

At this point the Texas Rangers decided the range war had gone far enough. Major Frank B. Jones, who was respected by both factions, immediately visited the area with fifteen men, intending "to intercede and endeavor to reconcile the difficulty and thus terminate this long continued feud."

Sergeant N. O. Reynolds was assigned to take a detachment of six Rangers and capture the Horrells, even though the county sheriff warned: "These men have never been arrested, and it is my honest opinion they cannot be."

At sunset on July 27, Bill Wren and Bob and Alonzo Mitchell guided the Rangers to Mart Horrell's residence on Mesquite Creek southeast of town. Eleven men were sleeping inside the house, several on beds in the main room and the others curled up on pallets. The Rangers waited until five a.m. before closing in on the ranch house. A heavy rain was falling, and the lawmen slipped inside undetected. Each officer leveled a cocked rifle at the slumbering men, then Reynolds woke the room by telling Mart he was in the custody of Texas Rangers.

The Horrell men bolted upright and for a horrible moment seemed to believe that it was their enemies who were inside the house. Mart mumbled that they could not surrender and Tom defiantly snarled that they might as well die fighting as submit to mobs in Lampasas. Sam grabbed for Reynolds' Winchester, and when the Ranger jerked it back it discharged, quieting the room.

Reynolds capitalized on the opportunity, warning the Horrells of the firepower he commanded and assuring them that his men were indeed Rangers. As the atmosphere became calmer Reynolds pledged his word that he would not incarcerate anyone in Lampasas, but would keep his prisoners in the Ranger camp until a preliminary hearing could be arranged and bonds posted.

"Boys, this seems reasonable," said Mart, eyeing the cocked Winchesters as he rose to his feet. "I believe these men can be relied on to protect us. Besides, this fight has been thrust upon us. If we can get a hearing we can give bond."

Sam, Mart, and Tom submitted to custody, once Reynolds agreed to release the other men and allow four Horrell cowboys to come along as "guards." The Horrell brothers were taken to the Ranger camp on Sulpher Creek while Major Jones proceded to round up key members of the Higgins faction. Within a few days a dozen prisoners were posted in the Lampasas courthouse under the guard of Texas Rangers while peace was negotiated. On August 9, the *Lampasas Dispatch* proclaimed in headlines:

PEACE RESTORED
IN LAMPASAS!
THE HIGGINS AND
HORRELL PARTIES
HAVE LAID DOWN
THEIR ARMS!!

In a letter dated July 30, 1877 the Horrell brothers expressed their regrets over "the quarrel in which we have been involved with its repeated fatal consequences . . ." They pledged that if "a similar obligation" were forthcoming from Pink Higgins, Bob Mitchell, and Bill Wren, they would "abstain from insulting or injuring you and your friends (and) bury the bitter past forever . . ." Three days later Higgins, Mitchell, and Wren replied in kind, promising that "with passions cooled" they would regard the feud "as a by gone thing to be remembered only to bewail."

Both parties lived up to their oaths and did not resume fighting, although there were occasional hairy moments. In April 1878, for example, hearings related to the feud came up in Lampasas. The former combatants rode into town armed to the teeth, but a squad of Texas Rangers was on the scene to preserve the peace.

Despite a lessening of tensions in Lampasas County, trouble continued to surround the Horrells. On May 28, 1878 a Bosque County storekeeper named J. F. Vaughn was murdered by a gang of horsemen who stole $3,000 from his safe. As the riders galloped into the night, witnesses sent a volley of gunfire their way and a horse was wounded. Captain W.H. Glenn, a detective from Waco, followed the getaway trail to Mart Horrell's ranch and discovered that the wounded animal belonged to Bill Crabtree.

Crabtree had ridden and fought alongside the Horrells for years, and on August 24, Glenn showed up in Meridian, the seat of Bosque County, with the 25-year-old gunman in custody. Crabtree implicated Mart and Tom Horrell in Vaughn's death, and on September 8, the two brothers were arrested and taken to Meridian.

During the two-week procedings Crabtree turned state's evidence against Mart and Tom, and the pre-

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siding judge, an official named Childress, ordered the Horrells jailed without bail. Crabtree immediately left town, but just as he reached the outskirts of Meridian an unknown assailant shot him from his saddle and left him to die under a tree.

In October Judge W. A. Blackburn requested that Mart and Tom Horrell be returned to Lampasas to answer charges dating from the feud, but Judge Childress declined to release them, commenting that feelings were so strong in Meridian that it would be unsafe for them outside the jail. It also proved unsafe for them *inside* the jail.

About eight-thirty Sunday evening, December 15, 1878, a mob of more than a hundred masked men converged on the jail in Meridian. The sheiff already had been lured away by a message that his mother was dying in another town, and the vigilantes gained entry to the building when one of their members announced that he was "Deputy Whitworth." Inside, the two jailers refused to unlock the door to the cell block until the mob threatened to burn the jail with kerosene.

Nearly fifty men crowded toward the Horrell cell, forcing another inmate to hold the light while they opened fire. Tom cowered and vainly tried to elude the bullets, but Mart exhibited the same mettle that had propelled him singlehandedly against the bushwhackers at Battle Branch. He viciously rattled the cell door and cursed the vigilantes, and continued the bitter tirade even after he had taken several bullets. A final volley finished the job, and Tom and Mart Horrell died in a bloody heap on the cell floor.

After the lynching Judge Blackburn dismissed all charges pertaining to the Horrell-Higgins feud. Pink Higgins later moved his cattle operation out of Lampasas County to a ranch thirteen miles south of Spur, Texas. Pink remained untamed, however, killing his last victim in a duel within sight of his ranch house in 1903, before dying of a heart attack eleven years later.

Bill Wren began wearing a badge, and N. O. Reynolds was promoted to the command of his own Ranger company for his daring exploit at Mart Horrell's ranch. Mart's son, J.S. Horrell, reputedly killed four men who wounded him at his farmhouse in Lampasas County; his wife ran out and gave him a gun, and he dispatched his antagonists in an incident which may have been triggered by bad blood over the old feud.

With five brothers dead by shooting, Sam Horrell decided not to make it unanimous. He hung up his guns, quietly raised two daughters on a spread near Lampasas, and became the only one of the six Horrell boys to die peacefully.

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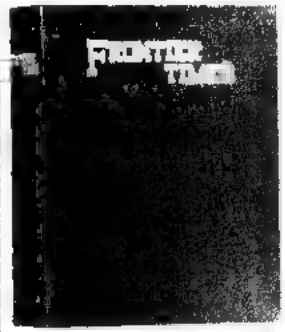

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A Great Explorer's Final Hours

(Continued from page 11)

children to wake the servants in the stable. Entering Lewis' room, they found him lying on the bed, fitfully conscious and bleeding from a gaping wound in the side of his body. Another shot had blown off part of the skull, exposing the frontal lobe of his brain. In great pain and still thirsting, he begged the creole for water, which was given, and then, telling him not to be afraid, said, "Take my rifle and finish it for me, my good servant. I am no coward, but I am so strong. It is so hard to die."

After listening in deep sadness to Mrs. Griner's story, Alexander Wilson left the clearing and continued to Natchez where on May 28, 1810, he wrote to Lawson about it. Lawson in turn gave this letter to Nicholas Biddle, editor of the literary magazine, Port-Folio, and Wilson finally consented to its publication in the January 1812 issue. The actual date of Wilson's journey was changed from 1810 to 1811, which explains the discrepancy later promulgated by historians citing the letter. There is a strong probability that during the months between the death of Meriwether Lewis in October and Wilson's visit in May, Mrs. Griner's imagination embellished her tale. In 1904 J.H. Moore, a resident of the area, wrote an article for the American Historical Magazine which included an eyewitness account told to him by the slave children at Griner's (Pete and Lindy) after they grew up. They agreed on most details until the end, declaring that Pernier ran up immediately when the shots were fired. Lewis had crawled to the door and was begging for water. He drank large quantities which he would keep vomiting. In tremendous pain, he lingered till noon and died.

Their version sounds more realistic, since it's unlikely that a man with gunshot wounds would have the strength to make his way to Mrs. Griner's cabin, and then crawl around the yard. It is possible, however, that he came to her door earlier in the evening, demanding water as his fever recurred, and that her memory confused the sequence; for, in a highly emotional situation, accuracy sometimes can go by the boards. When she didn't answer, pretending sleep for fear of his agitated conduct, he may have stumbled about seeking water, perhaps even going to the nearby stream. (Scholars have remarked that she must have been callous indeed to refuse him, since a frontier woman would surely not have been so timid. Yet even today some of our most sophisticated people are afraid of aberrant mental behavior.)

Whatever the true facts, Griner's Stand loomed as a place of violent, mysterious happenings and another tavern, Dobbin's Stand, was built for travelers six miles away.

Arguments that have evolved from these first hand testimonies are sheer conjecture. A firm believer in the hypothesis of Lewis' death by suicide was Dawson A. Phelps, National Park Service historian at the Natchez Trace Parkway, Tupelo, Mississippi. He states in his article for the William and Mary Quarterly, 1956, that the accusation of murder did not arise until after 1848. He attributes this to the moral attitudes of the late nineteenth century finding more drama in concoctions of murder for a hero than the less acceptable idea of suicide. Concerning highway robbery, a charge frequently made, he claims that in 1809 the Natchez Trace was not a dangerous trail. Earlier designated the Devil's

Backbone, it nevertheless had no reported robberies for years. In defense of the Trace, Phelps further asserts that the mail passed over it regularly, at least seven inns served wayfarers, and many men of prominence traveled that way between the national capital in Washington and the two territorial capitals of St. Louis and New Orleans.

Phelps implies that Lewis was a misfit who never adjusted to the role of colonial administrator; he still expected to do things by military discipline. In addition, he had grown used to Presidential carte blanche while furthering Jefferson's dream of Western expansion. A year prior to the Expedition, Jefferson had maneuvered (quite unconstitutionally) the biggest real estate deal in history — the Louisiana Purchase from Napoleon.

Napoleon's fear of losing New Orleans to British naval power, thus forfeiting the whole tract, formed the motivation behind his sale of Louisiana. By transferring the area to the United States, he gained not only francs to fight the English but the satisfaction of thwarting England in the New World. Napoleon's frantic gesture in the spring of 1803 suited the purposes of President Jefferson admirably. He had long envisioned an Americanized continent free from British, French or Spanish ambitions, with jurisdiction over the fabled Northwest Passage, inland water route to the Pacific and its lucrative China trade.

Jefferson had prepared for such an event. Waiting in the wings was his protege and former secretary, Meriwether Lewis. The young Virginian presided over transfer ceremonies March 9, 1804 in St. Louis, lowering the Tricolor and raising the Stars and Stripes. Two months later on May 14, Lewis and Clark led their crew of Kentucky hotbloods and French voyageurs up the Missouri River and over miles of uncharted wilderness. Jefferson had chosen well. Meriwether Lewis "had the faculty of command," writes Bernard DeVoto, "and exercised it by instinct. His mind was restless, inquiring, speculative, scientific. He was introspective, humorous though rather pompously so, mercurial, moody, and he expressed himself well in elaborate prose. There was not much warmth in him, he was a solitary and a melancholiac, and he was saturated with romantic emotions. He belonged to a type very common in our westering, the complexly introverted personalities who turned to the solitude and beauties and challenges of nature to satisfy a need that human association could not assuage."

Lewis had previously written to Clark from Washington, "I am . . . authorized to draw on the government for any sum necessary for the comfort of myself or party." This indeed he did — drafts which eventually amounted to $38,722.25. The cost originally projected by Jefferson before his secret message to Congress on Janurary 18, 1803 was $2,500 — facetious perhaps. He wished the enterprise to be regarded as a "literary pursuit" (a flexible term meaning geographical and scientific knowledge) but it was actually a military reconnaissance.

Dawson Phelps declares that Lewis continued to think he could operate this way in his later role of governor. But in managing territorial affairs his drafts were protested shortly after James Madison became President in March 1809. Ironically, one of the major expenses Lewis had incurred — the very bill he complained about to Neelly the day before he died — was for providing safe convoy of a Mandan chief's return past the warring Arikaras to his people in present day North Dakota. Chief Sheheke, with his wife and son, had been touring the East at Jefferson's invitation, following Lewis' and Clark's trip across the continent. An earlier attempt to deliver him, under the command of Ensign Nathaniel Pryor in May 1807, had proven disastrous, resulting in many casualties and a speedy retreat to St. Louis.

Unfortunately, during 1808 Lewis had plunged into land speculation, exhausting his meager capital and pledging his future salary as security for his debts. He thus could not underwrite the government's responsibility. When rumors circulated that Washington was displeased with him and his reappointment was doubtful, creditors swarmed on Lewis like locusts. These pressures forced him to put up his property as collateral or face debtors prison. (This fate had already accrued to Robert Morris, one of the most famous financiers of the Revolution, a member of the Continental Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Morris spent 1798 to 1801 in prison, having been ruined by speculation in Western lands.)

Presumably in a depressed frame of mind, Lewis traveled East, Phelps concludes, to defend his public transactions and redeem his reputation. Honor was paramount to a Virginian. The Lewis family coat of arms bore these words: Omne Solum Forti Patria Est (To the Brave Man, Everything He Does Is for His Country.).

With respect for Phelps' view on the inception of the murder theory, a more accurate reason may lie in a charitable but misguided attempt to restore Lewis' honor. One such instance is found in a comment made in 1848 by his namesake, Meriwether Lewis Clark, eldest son of William Clark: ". . . it clearly removes from my mind, at least, the only stigma upon the fair name I have the honor to bear." In the mass of debate, proponents for murder have cited three strong points in support of their belief, the first being: Why wouldn't Lewis leave a suicide note, since he habitually wrote voluminously? If he did, it has been lost or undisclosed. Or, perhaps, he had no intention of suicide; it occurred in the heat of his fever, depths of despair and utter loneliness. It would be characteristic of him — ever logical but rarely in touch with his emotions. The outside self would be planning ahead, as in his letter of September 22, 1809, from Ft. Pickering to a friend, Amos Stoddard: "You will direct [mail] to me at the City of Washington until the last of December after which I expect I shall be on my return to St. Louis."

The second point concerns the sever-

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al gun wounds. It is thought that these could not have been inflicted except by assassins, albeit unknown. Lewis' two pistols, purchased from Robert Barnhill of Philadelphia, had secret triggers and carried but one load each. While pure supposition, it is possible that if Lewis had initially shot himself in the head, the other gun also cocked might have discharged into his side as he fell, and that a third wound under his chin could have been the result of an anguished mercy-killing by Pernier — if we can believe Mrs. Griner's report of Lewis' words as written by Wilson.

The last question is — why wouldn't his servant, Pernier, have stayed that night in the room with him, considering Lewis' physical condition? It may be that Lewis ordered him to the barn, blaming him — justly or not — for allowing the pack animals carrying his vouchers to escape. (Several times on the Expedition Lewis berated his men for not properly tying their horses, thus letting them stray and wasting precious time in their recovery. Rumor has it that Pernier got wildly drunk the evening of October 10 for some reason, and slept it off deep in the hay.

The two major suspects in later years were Robert Griner and John Pernier. Tradition maintains that Lewis family always considered the creole guilty, believing that he murdered his master for the $240 in wages he claimed was due him. And Griner, part Indian, apparently bore the brunt of local suspicion. Neither of these charges makes sense. Why would Griner take the trouble to clear some land, build a hostel and then murder one of its guests? As for Pernier, Lewis trusted him sufficiently to leave in his care an account book, after making out his will on September 11, 1809, while proceeding down the Mississippi River — almost as if he knew the end were near.

"I bequeath all my estate, real and personal," he wrote, "to my Mother, Lucy Marks, after my private debts are paid, of which a statement will be found in a small minute book deposited with Pernia, my servant."

A sad postcript was Pernier's suicide from an overdose of opium seven months later. The proprietor of a Washington boardinghouse where Pernier dwelled wrote Thomas Jefferson on May 5, 1810 that Pernier had been "confined by sickness, I believe arising from uneasyness of mind . . . He was wretchedly poor and destitute."

Other suspects have mostly been white or Indian outlaws on the Trace — although one writer, Jonathan Daniels, has suggested a complicated plot of assassination, masterminded by Wilkinson and executed by his henchmen. Of course, all the participants might have been colossal liars, from Neelly on down through Pernier to Mrs. Griner. However, such a well-organized web of intrigue defies, I think, any form of credibility. There is no doubt that Meriwether Lewis had enemies. Among them were the Federalists, a dying political group who had tried to deflate the importance of the Expedition in hopes of humiliating Jefferson. But they could hardly be judged assailants. Nor were men such as David McKeehan who published an early version of the Expedition by one of its members, Sgt. Patrick Gass. In defense of this work, McKeehan delivered a diatribe occupying all of page two in the April 14, 1807 Pittsburgh Gazette in which he labeled Lewis an emperor-in-embryo. McKeehan echoed those who had twisted Lewis' Western exploration into preparation for an empire.

While there are many examples of the poison pen, making Lewis the victim of unjust public opinion from 1807 to 1809, this does not constitute an act of physical violence. Still, I have empathy with those favoring the viewpoint of murder, particularly when reading Jefferson's official pronouncement dated August 18, 1813, Lewis' birthday anniversary. On the surface, it appears simplistic, even hostile. Closer to the truth may be that, in grief, Jefferson's thrust was directed toward insuring acceptance of the alleged suicide on grounds of mental derangement rather than guilt over treason. "Governor Lewis had from early life been subject to hypochondriac affections," Jefferson stated. "It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, & was more immediately inherited by him from his father. They had not however been so strong as to give uneasiness to his family. While he lived with me in Washington, I observed at times sensible depressions of mind, but knowing their constitutional source, I estimated their course by what I had seen in the family. During his Western expedition the constant exertion which that required of all the faculties of body & mind, suspended these distressing affections; but after his establishment at St. Louis in sedentary occupations they returned upon him with redoubled vigor, and began seriously to alarm his friends. He was in a paroxysm of one of these when his affairs rendered it necessary for him to go to Washington."

Contemporary historians have not been so certain. Bernard DeVoto states in The Course of Empire that Lewis' early death was "perhaps by suicide, more likely by murder." The Encyclopedia Britannica — "His death . . . has remained shrouded in mystery, suicide, and more plausibly foul play being advanced as explanations for it." Vardis Fisher, author of Suicide or Murder?, professes that no one can be sure, but that if he had to make a choice, he would opt for murder. Donald Jackson, who edited the Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, says he is inclined to think that Lewis, believing himself at the point of financial ruin, died by his own hand. John Bakeless, author of Lewis and Clark, Partners in Discovery, declares, "The evidence for murder is not very strong, and the stories from Fort Pickering strongly suggest suicide, but none of the evidence is really conclusive. It is impossible to make a positive statement, either way." And Richard Dillon, attributing the death to murder motivated by robbery, summarizes in his biography. "Was Meriwether Lewis murdered? Yes. Is there proof of his murder? No. Could Lewis' death have been a suicide? Yes." But there may be a key to unlock this mystery after all. In Robert Penn Warren's prose-poem, Brother to Dragons, Meriwether Lewis hurls a startling accusation at Thomas Jefferson.

M.L.
I am the man you did give the bullet to.
I am the man you killed. You knew my name.
I was your near-son once. You knew my name.
I was the one. . .

T.J.
My son, I see the old mark of your pain,
But I cannot understand your charge, for I never,
In form or fashion whatsoever, contrived
But for your good, as far as I understood it.

Donald Jackson notes that Lewis "had unaccountably drifted away from his close relationship with Jefferson," evident in the President's chiding letter of July 17, 1808 to Lewis: "Since I parted with you in Albemarle [county] in Sep. last I have never had a line from you . . . "

In a footnote to the letter, Jackson comments on Lewis' failure to write: "From the time of his parting with Jefferson in the fall of 1807 to his death in the fall of 1809, he wrote him three, possibly four, letters. None of the surviving letters contains more than a perfunctory expression of the warm relationship that had once existed between the two men." This is strange, even incredible. It also makes Lewis appear very ungrateful.

Meriwether was only five when his father died of pneumonia in 1779 during the Revolutionary War. Within six months his mother married John Marks, and the young family — including his older sister, Jane, and younger

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brother, Reuben — emigrated to frontier Georgia. In 1789 Meriwether was sent back to the Lewis plantation outside Charlottesville, Virginia to begin formal schooling under the care of a maternal uncle. The boy was geared to excel. And to persist.

"He was always remarkable for perseverance," reminisced his boyhood classmate, Peachy Gilmer, "which in the early period of his life seemed nothing more than obstinacy in pursuing the trifles that employ that age; of a martial temper and great steadiness of purpose, self-possession and undaunted courage. His person was stiff and without grace; bowlegged, awkward, formal and almost without flexibility. It bore to my vision a very strong resemblance to Buonaparte."

Thomas Jefferson had since returned to Monticello after five years in Paris as American Minister to France. Considering that he was a widower with but two daughters, and Lewis, a lonely boy, it is not difficult to understand the father-son relationship which soon developed. Meriwether worshipped him, and Jefferson enjoyed the discipleship. The teenage boy loved to walk beside the tall, sandy-haired man through the orchards and gardens of Monticello; loved to watch him canter so easily as they rode their thoroughbred horses across the fields and hills and streams of Albemarle; loved to listen to his soft voice in private conversation over a wide range of subjects, especially Jefferson's hope of exploring for a Northwest Passage, a hope which had been brewing in him since 1776.

After election to his first term, President Jefferson wrote General Wilkinson on February 23, 1801 requesting Lewis' detachment from the army to serve as his private secretary. Richard Dillon writes that "no one was closer to Jefferson during his first years in the Presidential office . . . . " In those critical early years, 1801 to 1803, Jefferson was having his protege groomed by the best scientific minds of the infant nation to lead the Western exploration. At its triumphant conclusion, the President would write: " . . . the result confirms me in my first opinion that he [Lewis] was the fittest person in the world for such an expedition."

Later Jefferson offered Lewis the plum of governorship of Upper Louisiana, but detained him East a year, his duties meanwhile performed by the territorial secretary, Frederick Bates. Once again Jefferson had needed Lewis — this time in Richmond, Virginia to be his eyes and ears at the sedition trial of Aaron Burr,whose grandiose conspiracy allegedly had included splitting the Union at the Alleghenies and creating an empire in the Southwest.

During his trial, Burr had the audacity to demand that Jefferson be subpoenaed. Jefferson refused, and Chief Justice Marshall wisely did not subject the President of the United States to the penalty of contempt of court. In Jefferson's opinion Burr was more "ripe for Bedlam" than an evil man, per se. He wrote William Giles, "I never had one hostile sentiment. I never indeed thought him [Burr] an honest, frank-dealing man, but considered him as a crooked gun, or other perverted machine, whose aim or shot you could never be sure of." Assuming then the long intimacy between Lewis and Jefferson until 1807, what circumstance could have disrupted it? There is a clue in the correspondence of Lewis and his confidant, William Clark, in which he announces his intention of asking a certain girl to marry him.

Clark replied, "My Friend, your choice is one I highly approve, but should the thing not take to your wish . . . " The kind and perceptive Clark must have been aware of something that Lewis, blinded by his infatuation, failed to see.

And who was this young woman who so preoccupied Lewis during the Burr crisis? Some have suggested an involvement with Theodosia Burr Alston, Aaron's daughter, but the answer, I feel, is revealed in a letter Lewis wrote to his friend, Mahlon Dickerson, on November 3, 1807: " . . . am now on the eve of my departure for St Louis. My little affair with Miss A-n R——h has had neither beginning nor end on her part; pr. contra on my own it has had both. The fact is that, on enquiry, I found that she was previously engaged and, therefore, dismissed every idea of prosecuting my pretentions in that quarter and am now a perfect widower with respect to love . . . Whence it comes, I know not, but certain it is that I never felt less like a hero than at the present.

A-n R——h, so politely indicated only by capitals and dashes, might possibly be Ann Randolph, Jefferson's amiable and intelligent oldest grandchild, daughter of Martha and Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. There is a legend that her near-sighted mother once failed to recognize Ann, who had been transformed into a beauty for her debut by Dolly Madison's skill and example. Ann had romantically renamed herself "Anastasia."

Ann was married on September 17, 1808 to Charles Lewis Bankhead, grandnephew of James Monroe. After a miserable eighteen-year marriage, Ann died on February 11, 1826, at the age of thirty-five — as had Meriwether Lewis.

A terrible thought, but was Ann the bait that kept Lewis flying back and forth from Richmond, informing Jefferson of the trial's progress, since he was reportedly not the eager participant Jefferson expected? The reason for Lewis' not fully sharing the President's zeal is unexplained. On January 22, 1807 Jefferson had publicly said that Burr's guilt was "beyond question." John Adams, a Federalist, reacted quickly, writing that if Burr's culpability were "clear as the Noon day Sun the first Magistrate ought not to have pronounced it so before a jury had tryed him."

Whatever transpired during this period, it is certain that, when Burr was acquitted, Lewis' own ordeal had only begun. If the theory of an involvement with Ann Randolph is correct, it would have a bearing, certainly, on the subsequent rift between Lewis and Jefferson.

Why had Ann toyed with him? Why had she kept her engagement secret until the Burr trial was over? Was she simply enjoying a flirtation? Was the dalliance, in fact, at her grandfather's request? Ann, like her mother, was utterly devoted and obedient to Jefferson, so whether sincerely attracted to Lewis or not, she may have had no options.

An intriguing possible sidelight of this romance was "One Bundle of papers marked A" found among Lewis' belongings at Griner's Tavern and sent on to Thomas Jefferson. What did the letter "A" stand for? Did the bundle contain personal mementos, notes and letters from Ann?

Whatever really happened, Lewis must have believed he had been used. Jefferson had been his idol, emulated since his youth, upon whom his whole sense of worth ultimately depended. Like Hiawatha, Lewis had gone to the "kingdom of the West-Wind" for his father, Jefferson; had gone to the "land of the Dacotahs, to the portals of the Sunset." And remember that his was the Romantic Age of Rousseau, of pathos and emotion.

If Jefferson had knowingly allowed, even encouraged, such deception in his avid pursual of Burr's destruction, Meriwether Lewis could only infer that he had been expedient and was now expendable! Rage undoubtedly gave way to despondency when Jefferson benignly appeared not to notice the alienation. Yet, it would be an erroneous deduction to attribute Lewis' almost certain suicide to reasons of depression over an abortive love affair, or the severing of the filial bond with Jefferson, or even the impugning of his honor by alleged abuses while Governor, although all these obviously had their cumulative effect. Lewis was made of tougher stuff. There was a more crucial precipitating factor. I believe the evidence suggests that it was CNS

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(central nervous system) damage caused by long term malaria, or in Neelley's blunt wording, "long-gone" malaria.

"Everything that we know about Lewis' behavior at the fort," writes Vardis Fisher, "suggests that he was ill, perhaps with malaria . . . " And Fisher quotes Donald Jackson as having described his condition as , "something very strange . . . it could be fatigue or malaria, as well as mental distress . . . " John Bakeless ventures, "The best explanation for his odd conduct [at Ft. Pickering] is probably malaria, as it is well known that fever of any kind invariably made him lightheaded."

When and where Lewis originally contracted malaria is undetermined; however, Dillon records an instance in autumn 1803 at Ft. Massac on the Ohio River, while Lewis was recruiting a scout for the Expedition: "He was seized with a violent ague which lasted four hours and was followed by a high fever."

The incapacitating role that this disease played was misunderstood during Lewis' lifetime, at his death, and long after. It was not known then what caused malaria, much less how to handle it. Lewis just had to keep going. "And pride in endurance is one pride that shall not be denied men," wrote Robert Penn Warren. However, with his faculties neurologically impaired, Lewis became an easy mark for the questioning of his integrity and loyalty.

Malaria is one of the most ancient diseases known. Hippocrates observed in the fifth century B.C. that those who drank stagnant marsh water had an enlarged, stiff spleen. Hypersplenism is overactivity of the spleen, as evidenced by excessive destruction of blood elements. Malaria is recognized by an uncontrollable shaking chill, fever, anemia and finally cachexia (ill health, bodily and/or mental). After 1900, it was learned that the agents responsible for malaria, as in amoebic dysentery, are protozoans. Malarial parasites have a life cycle with an asexual phase, man serving as the immediate host; and a sexual phase, where certain female anopheline mosquitoes fulfill the same function.

Since World War II, many new medications have been developed. Until then, the only fever suppressant was quinine. This stand-by remedy did not cure but simply subdued the reaction. In Lewis' day it was called Peruvian Bark, because the bark from the Cinchona tree in Peru had as its active ingredient the alkaloid quinine.

However, there were unpleasant side effects. Taken daily for years, in the recurrent bouts typical of the disease, it led to inner ear deafness, skin discoloration and gastric disorders. Vardis Fisher writes that "there is the 'myth' of Meriwether Lewis . . . the drunkard who, with uncombed hair and soiled garments, looked like a river rat . . . of the haggard face, the yellow skin, the feeble movements." In Lewis' final months, this "myth" may have been close to the truth, as it is quite probable that he consumed large amounts of quinine to keep pace with the demands upon him as Governor.

"Halt! Who went there?"

No small part of the political stress Lewis endured was related to the animosity of his secretary, Frederick Bates, who wrote his brother, Richard: "He [Lewis] has fallen from the Public esteem & almost into the public contempt. He is well aware of my increasing popularity . . . and has for sometime feared that I was at the head of a party whose object it would be to denounce him to the President and procure his dismission. I lament the unpopularity of the governor; but he has brought it on himself by harsh and mistaken measures. He is inflexible in error. . . . How unfortunate for this man that he resigned his commission in the army. His habits are altogether military & he never can, I think, succeed in any other profession."

The cause of Bates' antagonism is not precisely known — perhaps a bit of jealousy in having to relinquish the prestige of Acting Governor, which he enjoyed while Lewis was detained East by Jefferson. At any rate, Bates wrote skillful letters, maligning Lewis' administration to high officials in the federal government. That he achieved his aim in arousing certain bureaucrats is evidenced by the inane rejection of Lewis' drafts.

In the beginning, loyal William Clark, Agent for Indian Affairs and Brigadier General of Louisiana Militia, had tactfully been able to serve as a buffer between Lewis and the bureaucracy, but inevitably a status of open rupture occurred because of Bates' acrimony and Lewis' non-conciliatory manner. Nor was the Governor's status enhanced by the habit of heavy drinking attributed to him — another last-ditch effort to numb his brain and hold together the fragmented pieces of his personality.

As the anemia from his illness accelerated, Lewis became gaunt and emaciated, chronically fatigued and weak. He deteriorated mentally, was noticeably depressed, and was confused in his responses. Respite was in order, not false accusations. At this point, I believe, Lewis was experiencing "blackwater fever," one of the most serious and least understood complications of malaria.It is characterized by a rapidly developing and severe anemia due to repeated infection. Other predisposing factors are thought to be quinine and alcohol.

In the early 1800s, Jefferson had represented Lewis' malady as hypochondria, defined by Webster as "morbid depression of mind or spirits, a morbid anxiety as to one's own health, with conjuring up of imaginary ailments." Was this true in Lewis' case? Did he accomplish his incredible journey to the Pacific, only to be sucked into the vortex of sick self-concern?

One cannot help pondering those final twenty-four hours in early October 1809, as Lewis jogged along by horseback in the sweltering heat — fevered and exhausted, and so grooved in on the defense he anticipated before the judge-and-jury of Washington officials that the phrases became a chant. And then the pack animals got loose, carrying with them his "proof" — the papers that would verify his honor and clear his name. The tempo of threat and tension undoubtedly built into a state of extreme agitation by the time he arrived at Griner's tavern.

If an imaginary riding companion had been James C. Coleman, author of Psychology and Effective Behavior, we would today not be in any dilemma about what happened that night. Coleman's words seem as though especially

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written for Lewis: "Situations that normally produce grief or depression, such as a death in the family, a severe financial reverse, a chronic illness, or loss of social status . . . may lead to personality decompensation with depression and suicidal tendencies.".

Lewis' self-esteem had been undeniably crushed following the interlude with Ann; in fact, he spoke of himself as a "perfect widower" in his letter to Dickerson. This, coupled with the break with Jefferson, the accusation of embezzlement while Governor, and finally the deterioration from malaria resulted in the man's total collapse. Admittedly, there is no way at this late date to "prove" either suicide or murder. And why bother? It is his life that matters, not his death. But to lay a final offering on the littered arena of the debate, suppose we go back only three decades, instead of seventeen, for a modern perspective. In an article for American Heritage, "I've Served My Time in Hell," George McMillan relates what plagued U.S. Marines in the Battle of Guadalcanal, 1942: "The single most seriously debilitating factor was the anopheles mosquito . . . in November, 3,213 new malaria cases were reported and with the disease went a form of secondary anemia." He then quotes a doctor who treated the men: "'Weight losses in these muscular, toughened young adults ran as high as forty-five pounds. Rain, heat, insects, dysentery, malaria, all contributed — but the end result was not bloodstream infection nor gastrointestinal disease but a disturbance of the whole organism — a disorder of thinking and living, or even wanting to live."

An apology of sorts occurred in March 1812 when the Federal Government confessed its error by paying to the Lewis estate, with interest, the sum it had earlier denied.

In 1848 the State of Tennessee erected a humble monument over the explorer's remains in that desolate oak clearing by the Trace. The east face born an epitaph containing some words Jefferson had used to explain why he had chosen Lewis to lead the Expedition to the Pacific: "His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities; a rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father of those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal with a sound understanding and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

The mystery of his death no longer should obsess us. We cheapen his sufferings with tales of murder. Are heroes immune to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? And when it is revealed that they are, after all, mortal and vulnerable like ourselves, must we smokescreen their predicament? There is no shame in being ill, as he was before he died. Rather, we should remember the many years he fought the implacable foe of disease, while entrusted with Jefferson's dream, before conceding to the adversary — alone except for the light of a flickering candle probing the shadows of that darkened room.

For his life, he asked no quarter; for his integrity, he deserves respect. Through understanding we can accord him that long overdue tribute in full.

High Altitude Butcherin'

(Continued from page 19)

Norte which was nothing more than cattle corrals with one corner protected by tight siding against dogs and wild animals. A hand windlass was installed to lift the animals to be dressed, then the quarters of beef were transferred to rails — two by eights from which they were hung. Steers driven into the pens included those purchased from ranchers in the valley and those driven over the pass from the west. This latter source was of great value to Oswold for he could accumulate the cattle year 'round running them on the good grass of Pine River Valley.

Even in summer the nights were cool enough to set all fresh-dressed meat, and after October 1 everything froze. Raber & Sommers used a large tight haybarn on Raber's property at the 7,850' elevation as a storehouse-freezer. Beef quarters were laid flat and stacked high for later transport to Summitville at the 11,500' elevation, a trip of about twenty six miles.

"With the deep snow that's sure to fall, we'll have to figure a way to carry the meat up to Summitville," Dad reminded his partner.

By November 1 when snow covered the frozen ground they had solved the problem by fashioning a sled pulled by two yoke of oxen. They placed the solid quarters of meat across the sled, roped them securely, and set aside a day for the trip up the hill.

Dad said that from 1880 to 1885, there were 500 to 800 working miners in Summitville, and the meat business must have been good both in volume and margin. The averge cost of slaughtering cattle two and three years old at 800 pounds was about $3 to $4 per hundred-weight alive. Round steak at 15 cents a pound was a good margin, and there was little overhead in the store. With accumulating profits they purchased more cattle for the market.

That first winter was the most severe of any experienced in the Gunnison Country, with deep snow prevailing all over. Winter began a month earlier than usual and continued late into the following spring, causing great loss in meat cattle from starvation and exposure. The winter's 26' snowfall was far more than could be shoveled. After the snow was four feet deep, residents began to throw it up to form tunnels, using each day's additional snowfall to add to the formations. By December 1 a complete tunnel system connected the mine shafts downhill with the boarding houses, stores and cabins uptown on the level. The tunnels were used until warm weather broke them down about June 1.

After the first year, Raber & Sommers built a new store on the only rock foundation in Summitville. Now a lot more meat could be stored and offered to customers. The building with a 52' frontage and 75' depth, was divided into two 25' rooms, with the second room offered for rental. Soon the Bank of Summitville was the tenant.

To miners a job in the Summitville

An 1880s view of Summitville, Colorado, where Sommers and Fred Raber established their high altitude meat market.

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mines meant a fat pay-off from high-grading, and no amount of policing and regulation could cope with the problem. Dad had his own troubles with high-grading practices when the miners came off shift. He and Raber couldn't keep an eye on the fifteen to twenty men who covered each other around the store and in the storeroom.

"They hid the meat they stole in their clothes, under their hats and about their persons in the most unbelievable ways," Dad said. "All the other stores in town, not just our place, had trouble with shoplifters."

When Dad wasn't helping Raber with the inside chores, he did the outside work of procuring, slaughtering and delivering a continuous meat supply. In early June 1883 Dad was bringing in fifty steers from Pine River for slaughter. With him were Frank Robbins, who had been raised in Canon City, Colorado, and Robert Pearson, a green young Englishman who had come to the area expecting to go on to Silverton where he had relatives.

They made camp before sundown on Piedra Creek. A short way upstream the creek narrowed after coming out of a low rocky gulch, and the steers were driven into this as a holding pen. About midnight, the men were awakened by their horses straining and pitching, finally breaking their halters and running off.

"There's a bear up there in the willow bushes," said Dad, staring into the darkness, "but there's nothing we can do about it or the horses until daylight."

Robbins left at dawn to round up some of the steers and a horse up-creek. Dad and the tenderfoot went downstream, and soon had plenty of horse tracks to follow. All morning they followed the tracks until they spotted the horses and rounded them up. Back in camp, they found that Robbins hadn't returned. By late afternoon they fired a shot every fifteen minutes to guide him back. Several hours after dark there still had been no response.

Early next morning they went on foot to search the willows up to the gulch mouth, and there found the tragedy. A huge silver-tipped grizzly lay dead, his front paws clutching the body of Frank Robbins whose .44 lay near his feet. Nearby was a partially-eaten steer carcass.

"Frank had gone up-creek pushing his way through the willows, and suddenly broke into a clearing," Dad said. "The grizzly was busy eating when he realized Frank was there. As the bear reared up, Frank was probably pulling his gun. The bear grabbed Frank into his arms, crushing him to death, but not before Frank pressed his gun against the bear's chest and pulled the trigger."

They wrapped Robbins' body in his blankets, put it in a grave they dug in gravel near the creek, and covered it with rocks and gravel to form a mound. After Dad and the tenderfoot said a prayer, they roped the horses together and started again for Del Norte, pushing the scattered cattle ahead of them.

The Summitville "blow up" began in early January 1884, and the mining company announced it could not meet the payroll. Some of the miners and their families were getting hungry. Dad knew this better than anyone else, for as long as he had meat he was expected to share it with those who could pay as well as those who could not.

The miners offered to continue working for two more weeks and the company circulated encouraging reports of raising money in St. Louis. However, the morning after the third payday failure, signs were posted on the doors of the mines to announce their closing and the blow up was really on. The miners began leaving. Raber & Sommers collected nothing in the way of customer accounts and within a week cleared out their meat supply, boarded up the doors and windows of their building and shut down. The bank had already preceded them. Raber remained in Del Norte to look after his ranch and the vacant store, but Dad decided to move to a "civilized" town, and picked Denver.

Traveling by train, Dad got sidetracked when he heard about a meat market for sale in Colorado Springs. He bought into the business for $3,000 in gold he carried in his money belt, and the market became known as Hopkins and Sommers.

Dad, in deciding to establish his market in Colorado Springs, found that civilization had a distinct disadvantage. In the 6,010' altitude, he could no longer count on frigid weather to preserve the meat. He had to purchase an expensive, new-fangled refrigeration system!

After a time, the store became Sommers Market, one of the first in the Pikes Peak Region to maintain year-round stocks of fresh fruits and vegetables. Until my retirement in 1950, Sommers was the grocery and market with the longest continuous service in Colorado.

Fans of C.W. McColl, who is known for his great trucking songs, has a recording about one of Colorado's more challenging routes, especially when there is ice and snow. The song is called "Wolf Creek Pass," and is the same pass described in this story by the late Herbert M. Sommers — Hank Givens.

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Lucius A. Hine

(Continued from page 21)

nati *Gazette* and was sent to Gettysburg as a reporter in November 1863 when the military cemetery was dedicated.

This is the verbatim report he made of Lincoln's remarks: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers established on this continent a government subscribed in liberty and dedicated to the fundamental principle that all mankind are created free and equal by a good God. (Applause.) And now we are engaged in a great contest deciding the question whether this nation, so conceived, so dedicated, can long remain. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

"The brave-men — the living and the dead — who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract from the work. (Great applause.) Let us long remember what we say here, but not forget what they did here. (Immense applause.) It is us, rather — the living — to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried forward. (Good and great applause.) It is for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, for us to renew our devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of devotion. Here let us resolve that what they have done shall, under God, have a new birth offered; that the government of the people, founded by the people, shall not perish."

Various versions came from the reporters; Lucius Hine was gratified to notice that he and the correspondent for the New York *Times* came out with similar results. As for the reports of applause in the speech, Lucius would never change his story. Strong authority claimed there was no cheering during the short message because people were tired from a long day and were more than ready to go to their homes. Maybe it was editorial habit on the part of Lucius to report applause.

One habit he did not have was that of reserving a telegraph line for reporting. Since all lines were preempt, he bribed a man in the caboose of a freight trains in order to get to another town where he could file his message. He wrote nothing but praise concerning Lincoln's part on the program — something many editors later wished they had done.

Lucius Hine was not satisfied for long with his job at *Gazette*. He wanted to be an editor on his own, and also had doubts that the *Gazette* really needed him. The paper was owned by the Reid family, and young Whitelaw Reid already had a fast start on what was to become a great career in journalism.

Charles Starbuck entered the picture by offering a position as editorial writer with the Cincinnati *Times*. The two worked well together and never quarreled. They built a great family paper, and circulation zoomed. "These were the palmy days, daughter Currie Hine later wrote. For eight years (1865-1873) the great work went on. Then Starbuck suddenly died.

Starbuck's death was a terrible blow. Lucius would never be the same professionally or physically. The next year he did become the first editor of the Cincinnati *Star*, but after two years it merged with the *Times*. Lucius became despondent and retired to his Blue Bird Hill farm near Loveland, Ohio where he rested and read Plato and the Bible in Greek.

He probably read the Bible with more interest in language than in religion. Lucius Hine had a life-long battle in dealing with formal religion, and there is no record of a profession of any doctrine. He wrote his son in Texas, Dr. Lucius Seneca Hine, that "God delivered David from the paw of the bear; he can deliver us from the fist of the atheist." Many other statements would flow from his pen to indicate he was still seeking the Great Truth.

He gained no friends by writing a caustic monograph, "The Tallest Steeple." One of the Cincinnati churches had built a fine new structure that caught his attention for two reasons: There were actually fewer pews than before, and atop the steeple there was a large replica of a hand pointing to the skies. "Big dough, big show" was the conclusion to his paper of thirty pages. To Lucius the new building was no more than a "rained-out well digging."

Other writings appeared on economic matters such as "Greenbacks Forever" and "The Gospel of Labor." He had developed socialistic inclinations. In 1896 he thought that William Jennings Bryan was too conservative.

Nearly all the prophecies Lucius made came about, but not in his lifetime. Occasionally he wondered if he should have remained a lawyer. His brother Lemon had built up a large practice in Washington, D.C. and Cleveland, and McKinley had appointed him to important commissions. Also, the governing fathers named a junior high school after him. (That school stood for decades and became so dilapidated that by the 1960s students were calling it "Horrible Hine.")

But Lucius did not like to look back. To him it was useless. And it was also unnecessary, for although Lucius Hine was agnostic, three clergymen presided when he was buried on July 11, 1906. The service was held under the pear trees of his garden. Dr. George M. Hammell in a closing eulogy said: "The thing that told for his liberalism was his luminous and lofty sincerity. Nobody conceived that he made anything but manhood out of his various opinions — nearly all more or less heretical, according to the creeds of his time.

"In religion, a heretic.

"In politics, a heretic.

"In ideas, a heretic. That is, a man marching ahead of his age — a freethinker, a pioneer, a prophet."

So also, thought two of Cincinnati's daily papers that ran the same caption for his obituary: "L.A. HINE — PROPHET WITH HONOR.

The last photo made of Lucius A. Hine (1905); he died the following year at age 87. The baby is Samuel Deal, his grandson.

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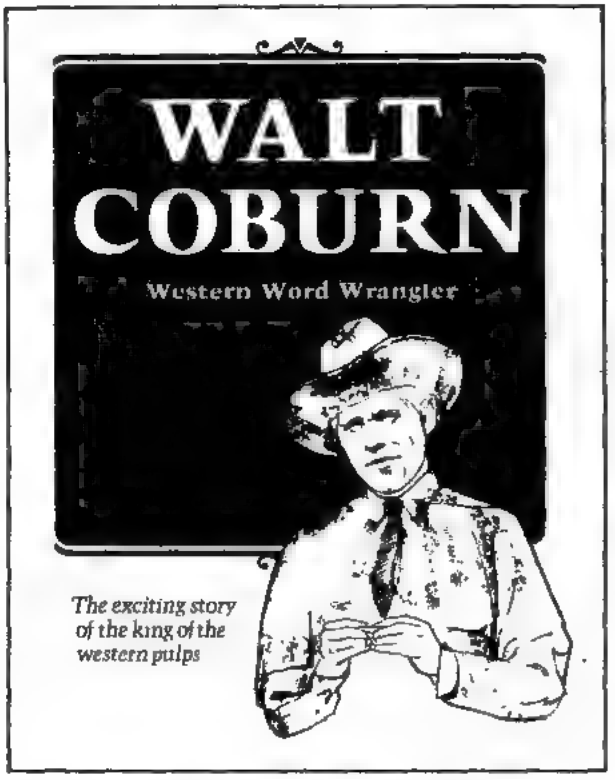

Walt Coburn could string words together better than most anybody. He was a dynamo, a pure talent, and a hell-raising maverick. Walt died on May 24, 1971, in Prescott, Arizona, at the age of eighty-one. He was a warm, human man who left behind many close friends and thousands of fans. This is his story, in his own words about *The Circle C Ranch, Early Days in Montana, Bowse, Beer and Barrooms, A Cowboy in Prep School, Pancho Villa's Army, From Saddle to Cockpit, Cold Sober and Married, King of the Western Pulps* **and other heretofore untold incidents in his life. Hardback, illustrated, 255 pages. Only $8.50 postpaid.**

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1886 Camp Meeting

(Continued from page 25)

there. We often went fishing after school in the evenings and never failed to catch perch, trout and catfish. And to set our hooks at night meant sure catches. In short, the San Saba River teemed with fish in those days, and deer and wild turkeys were plentiful right at the outskirts of the little town.

Barely a mile above us was an old Spanish dam, and just below the dam and across the river were the ruins of San Saba Mission, established by the Franciscans in 1756, but destroyed by Indians in 1790.

A short time after we moved to Menard Dr. Doerr had a tract of land across the river enclosed with a barbed wire fence which aroused the animosity of certain "free grass" citizens, and they proceeded to cut the fence. Three men were arrested, one turned State's evidence, and the others were convicted and each given a two-year sentence in the penitentiary. If my memory serves me right, this fence-cutting case was the first criminal case to be tried in the new courthouse in Menardville.

That "new" courthouse, with the new jail, was built in 1885, and B. Strom a Norwegian stonemason, was the builder. The "old" courthouse was located on Main Street, and is standing today (1941) but has been converted into a business house by Fritz Luckenback and Emil Toepperwein. Just before the new courthouse and jail were built, my father bought several lots just across from the schoolhouse and built a three-room box house. It was the second residence to be built on the south side of the "big ditch," the first residence being that of J.D. Scruggs, who afterwards became the county judge.

A short time after our home was built, Chas. Schuchard erected a residence; then Grandpa Murray built a small home. Those houses were all on the west side of the schoolhouse. For some years that old two-story frame school building had stood off to itself in a mesquite jungle.

Not far from it, to the east, was a little rawhide building used as a church. It was owned by the Baptists but all denominations used it, for it was the only church building in Menardville.

The only resident preacher was Rev. Jim Crawford, a Baptist, who preached irregularly — just whenever the folks wanted services. I believe there were more Baptists in Menardville then than any other denomination, but I do know there were a few Methodists, a few Presbyterians, and lots of sinners. My father was a Methodist, and my mother was a Presbyterian, and our home was generally the stopping place for itinerant preachers who came along.

I can recall a few of these traveling preachers, notably "Fighting" Jack Potter, who stopped with us, for always when they came I was given a rush order to run the red rooster or some of the yellow-legged pullets to provide the table fare for our guest or guests, for sometimes they came in pairs.

Among the devout Christians in old Menardville were Grandpa Sheen, Grandpa Chastain, and Grandpa Ezzell. These old men were stalwart exponents of their religion, and stood four-square for right living. There was another fine old Christian gentleman there, whose name I have forgotten. He lived a few miles above town on the McKavett road, and was a stout contender for the Primitive Baptist faith — a "Two-Seed Baptist" some called him, otherwise he was known as a "Hard Shell Baptist." Anyway, at all church services these four old men were always on hand and took part in the services, whether Baptist or Methodist.

In the summertime an old-fashioned camp meeting was generally held in one of the beautiful groves along the banks of the rippling San Saba, and people would come from miles around and camp on the grounds and remain as long as the meeting lasted (which was sometimes three or four weeks). Cattle were cheap and plentiful, and ranchmen would donate beeves for the multitude.

It was a real delight to attend one of those old camp meetings and meet the free-hearted people of frontier days. A stranger there did not remain a stranger long. He was taken in hand and introduced around, and was made to feel that he was among real friends. There is not a preacher living today who could preach such sermons as Jim Crawford, Jack Potter, Parson Keith, or M.J. Allen preached under a brush arbor or in the shade of those grand old trees on the San Saba.

It was in the summer of 1886, when religious influences and manners were at a low ebb, when Rev. Jim Crawford announced that Bro. Smith, a Missionary Baptist preacher, would come to Menardville to hold a meeting staring "on Friday night before the third Sunday in July." This news was "norated" about by word of mouth, because there was no newspaper in Menardville at that time.

When the meeting started there were fully 200 people on hand, camped on the grounds. They came in ox-wagons, horse-drawn wagons, in buggies and hacks, on horseback, and afoot from Fort McKavett, from Bear Creek in Kimble County, from Peg-Leg Pocket, and from all other parts of that region.

Elder Smith was a great exhorter, as was Elder Crawford. The singing was good, too, but song books were scarce and the preacher had to "line" the hymn from that good old song book, "The Sacred Harp." Old Grandpa Ezzell, with his high-pitched voice, could be heard above all others. Even the women couldn't outdo him. There was melody in those old songs, and the people sang them with spirit and understanding.

They sang hyms and spiritual songs, but they did not sing anthems. In fact not many of them had ever heard an anthem. Well, *one* had a deacon who was a farmer. He was summoned to the city one time to serve on the Federal Grand Jury and was gone two weeks. When he returned his wife greeted him warmly and asked if he had attended church. He informed her that he had.

"Did you know any of the songs they used?" she asked.

"No," the deacon replied. "They didn't sing nothing but anthems."

"Anthems?" said his wife. "What on earth is anthems?"

"Well, Ma, I can't just exactly tell you, but if I'd say, 'Ma, the cows is in the corn,' that would be no anthem. But if I'd say, 'Ma, Ma, the cows — the cows — the Holstein cow — the muley cow — the Jersey cow — the spotted cow — all the cows — the cows — is in — is in — the cows — is in — is in — the corn — corn — corn; amen,' that would be an anthem."

The meeting had gotten well under way, and three or four had been baptized by immersion in the San Saba, when along came Fighting Jack Potter and Brother Keith from Uvalde. They were on their way to Runnels City, and intended to just stop overnight in our home, but when they heard that a camp meeting was in progress they decided to prolong their stay and attend.

That night when we went out to services, taking Revs. Potter and Keith with us, the two new preachers were given a hearty welcome and each was invited to lead a prayer during the service, and Rev. Potter was asked to preach the next day. He willingly consented, and preached a sermon in a most forceful manner.

He told his hearers that he was glad to be there in that beautiful grove beside the murmuring waters; that on every hand there was evidence of God's handiwork;that there was no man who could create a scene so magnificent as that which surrounded them. Then he launched into comparisons.

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He told them that the life of every man may be compared to that beautiful San Saba River rising in obscurity, increasing by the accession of tributaries, and after flowing through a longer or shorter distance, losing itself in another mighty river, the Colorado, farther down the country. The lives of individuals also, like the courses of rivers, may be more or less extensive, but will all sooner or later disappear into the ocean of eternity. While a stream continues within its banks it fertilizes, enriches, and improves the regions through which it flows; but if it deserts its channel it becomes injurious and destructive, a sort of public nuisance and by stagnating into pools, like the old slough up there at the roadside, it diffuses pestilence and death all along its way.

He said some rivers glide away into obscurity, while others become celebrated, traverse continents, give names to countries, and set boundaries to empires. Some are tranquil and gentle in their course, while others rush forward in torrents, dash over precipes, terminating in frightful cataracts, which pour down their foaming waters into the stream below. But, however diversified their characters, or in whatever direction they may wind their tortuous channels, all their diversified waters eventually mix in the vast oceans.

For two hours or more Potter held forth in eloquent earnestness, and when he had finished his discourse and asked all who wanted to live a better life to come and give him their hand, almost the whole congregation went forward. He was invited to preach again that night, and the next day and night, and did so for four days.

Then suddenly he announced that he and Bro. Keith would have to be on their way, but before going he wanted to know how many Methodists were present, and how many others wanted to join the Methodist church. It turned out that there were twelve Methodists there, and some eighteen or twenty who wanted to become Methodists. Fighting Jack Potter got the "cream" of that Baptist camp meeting and went on his way rejoicing.

The next day a stranger appeared in the congregation. No one knew where he was from or anything about him. At the close of Rev. Jim Crawford's sermon he asked if anybody in the audience cared to offer a word of testimoney, The stranger arose and said he was thankful for all the Lord had done for him; that he had been a great sinner, and that he had been saved by being "washed in the blood of the Lamb." The more he talked the more fervent he became, and was soon shouting, "Hallelujiah! Praise the Lord!" The same religious fervor seemed to sweep over the congregation, and pretty soon several were shouting and singing and clapping their hands, including the old "Hard Shell" brother.

That night the same thing occurred, and the next day it happened again. The stranger was asked to preach, and he delivered a powerful exhortation to his hearers to become "sanctified," as he had been sanctified and could sin no more. The result was that nearly all of Jack Potter's new converts to Methodism became sanctified, as well as some of the Baptist "prospects," and Bro. Smith closed the meeting with the oft-quoted saying, "The Lord moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Final result: The Baptists sowed the seed, the Methodists cultivated the crop, and the Sanctificationists reaped the harvest in the vineyard of the Lord.

War Drums Have Long Echoes

(Continued from page 18)

scathed, they still had afforded succor, quietude and peace of mind to the greatly imperiled citizens and their families, as well as to some beleagured troops.

Perhaps it would not be out of place for me, at this writing, to say that while these brave fellows were under my command, they cheerfully obeyed my every order, or command, without regard to their personal sufferings from cold, wet or hunger; or the peril they might undergo, in so doing, and did so cheerfully. And now, after the lapse of ten years, I reckon them all as being among my very best friends.

What I say of my own company is equally true of the Idaho boys who were in our regiment, always responsive, willing and prompt. And all of them are entitled to much better treatment than they have received at the hands of our government.

Ten years have elapsed since they performed the services exacted of them by the general commanding (an agent of the government), who has, both verbally and in writing, acknowleged the services rendered at the time they were most needed, as is heretofore shown in these pages. Yet not one dollar of indemnity or remuneration has any of them received as a token of the recognition by the government of their prompt efforts to protect the weak and defenseless in response to the request and written command of its agent, the commanding general.

Then, too, they furnished their own horses, clothing and equipments, and in many instances their own arms and ammunition, much of which proved a total loss to them while acting under orders, and for which they have never been remunerated. The citizens of North Idaho — who had been induced to cross the continent, thereby enduring hardship, toil and privation, and at fearful cost in the early days, to settle in and commence developing that beautiful portion of the Northwest, in the full belief that the government had subdued the murderous hand of the savage and would protect them in the peaceful occupation of their new-made homes — have not as yet received a cent of indemnity for the loss of stock, buildings and other improvements sustained by them . . . at the hands o these wards of our rich and powerful nation.

The volunteers and soldiers of other wars and insurrections have been paid, and well paid, for the time they served, and if by chance they were from any cause partially disabled by wound or disease, they are well pensioned, as are also their widows and orphans after their demise; and the people of the States have been indemnified for all the damage they sustained by virtue of any incursion or raid; and even the citizens of Oregon, for losses sustained in the Bannack war of 1878.

I believe I am warrantd in saying that it is a shame and an outrage on the enterprising pioneers of our territories that the representative men of our country should allow themselves to overlook, or ignore, the very righteous claims of the sufferers from such unexpected uprisings, and those of their brave fellow-citizens who regardless peremptorily to arrest the fiendish hand of those government pets, and protect the remnant of once happy and prosperous families.

'Tis true that the "remnant" is usually small after such raids, and as a rule had it not been for the timely interference of volunteers, there would have been no remnant at all!

And I must say further that to my personal knowledge not an Indian outrage has occurred on the Pacific Coast during the past thirty-five years but what the volunteers afforded the first succor and relief to those endangered.

Indians, unlike foreign nations, neglect to announce through all the leading newspapers that they intend to declare war. They leave that matter to those who unexpectedly come upon the ashes or embers of the happy home of the previous day, and while gazing at the remains of friends around are aroused by the soul-piercing cry of a wandering infant, the only remnant.

No horse too fast to carry that news! None too fast to spread it! As the courier is dashing through some little village, burg or hamlet, he is unduly stopped by those who saw him approaching, who inhale the exhaust from the lungs of his panting horse while listening to his brief but blood-curdling story. And as the horse bounds on towards the nearest post or telegraph station, with rowels deeply inserted in his bloody sides, the cry goes up, re-echoing in the heavens, "Boys, get your guns, and come arunnin'; there's women and children in peril!"

"Let's surround them!"

Then come the volunteers, in "one time and four motions" — hear it! mount! travel! fight! And that's what they do, without awaiting orders from any superiors. They rush to the scene of massacre and danger to the settler, and either peremptorily dispel the fiendish hell-hounds, or hold them in determined check until the courier has arrived at his destination.

Orders and counter-orders are sent and repeated; a slow coach, hired at three prices, to transport officers, and the famous United States troops, by order of the Secretary of War, come "tramp, tramp, tramp," to the protection of loyal citizens after the work is done, and to coax the red-handed fiends back on to their reservations, with a new outfit of blankets, knives, beads, paint and government grub, while the tortured and suffering women and children are left unaided to rebuilt their homes over ashes which will forever be associated in their minds with the war-whoop and scalping knife.

Why not give to these women whose husbands were ruthlessly murdered — and in many instances before their eyes, while they were under-going tortures from which death would have been a welcome relief — left penniless and almost naked, all by the action of government wards? Why not, I say, grant them a small pension, while you are voting princely sums to the widows of wealthy men who, for fame, plunged into the war and thought they did good service and were correspondingly well paid, not only during the war but during the rest of their lives? The widows, co-workers of the horny-handed pioneers, are left to the charities of the survivors of their kind, with scarcely a voice raised among the representatives to plead the cause of those who were left "poor indeed." And if such move be made, hundreds stand ready to ridicule and ignore, while they are waiting for an opportunity to vote pensions to the widows of oppulent and influential citizens, both civil and military. What I say of these prime movers in the development of this glorious Northwest, is but a re-echo of the cry of succor and relief, which has been ringing from time to time since the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, throughout the thirteen mother colonies, and westward as the frontiersman (the forerunner of the "Star of the

Empire,") moved toward the setting sun. Their cry is long unheeded by the sluggards who follow twenty or thirty years in the wake of such men as Boone, Crawford, Kennon, Wetzel, Fremont, Carson, Meek, and Whitman, seeming to think that those who have subdued the savage and the native soil at first, ought to be able to maintain themselves, their families, and the widows and orphans of those of their fellows, who through the treachery of the viperous Indian, have fallen by the wayside — and at the same time help to pay munificent pensions to rich widows at fashionable resorts in states first developed under similar circumstances and with similar sufferings.

But in the language of my tribe, "Nika cupet wa-wa" (I have spoken).

To give a faint description of Camas Prairie, and its surroundings, may be proper here. The Prairie or basin is bordered on the west by Craig's mountain, north and east by other spurs of the Blue mountains, and south by Salmon river and its mountains; all of the mountains named being covered to a greater or less extent with fir, pine, and tamarack timber. Near its northwestern boundary runs the Clearwater river.

This beautiful basin is almost level for sixteen to twenty miles across, and about thirty miles long. Through it run several small creeks which form deep canyons as they approach either the Clearwater or Salmon rivers. The soil is a deep black muck capable of producing immense crops of wheat, oats, barley, fruit, and all but the most tender varieties of vegetables. Timothy grows to perfection, and immense crops of hay are raised.

Craig's mountain is covered with scattering timber, except where it dips northward toward Clearwater, where it is no more than a fertile, high-rolling prairie. For several miles across the top the land is rolling, being drained by numerous streams of clear cold water, abounding in trout that furnish the citizens of Lewiston, Mt. Idaho, and the surrounding country, such rare sport and "brain food," as is seldom equaled in any country. In the timber are found thousands of deer and grouse, and not a few elk and bear. The cougar and mountain wolf semi-occasionally break the stillness of the peaceful air with their music.

During the summer this mountain and basin form a panorama of beauty and loveliness that would gladden the eye and heart of any lover of sport, health and varied scenery. The mountain ranges to the south and east are very much similar to that just described, those near Salmon river being as a rule, less timbered and more rugged.

Salmon river has for years been noted for the rich placer-mines along its banks and bars. Its mountains are also covered with a rich growth of nutritious grass, and are fast being covered with livestock of all kinds.

Farther east on the tributaries of this stream are located the very noted Florence, Oro Fino, Warren's, and many other mining-camps, which were struck in the sixties, and are still being worked by hundreds of miners. Innumerable veins of rich ore pierce the mountains and await the advent of railroads, as intimated in another chapter, which will furnish employment to thousands of men and millions of capital. They have room for miners, mechanics, stock-raisers, farmers, professional men, and a limited number of festive politicians. [Of the latter we would prefer Democrats, for there are plenty of Republicans there now.]

I might try in my feeble way to give a more extended description of that valuable region in the Northwest, but if the reader is at all anxious to know more of it, he should personally inspect it. Several railroads are already within close proximity to it, and it only consumes four or five days of your time, and a matter of twenty to fifty dollars for expenses to visit, while it took most of those already there from four to six months of weary travel over scorching plains, rough mountains and rapid streams, to perform the journey to this land of promise, and those who lived to reach it found themselves loaded down with poverty and alkali-dust, which two latter acquirements have left my descriptive brain considerably muddled. *To be continued in the June 1980 True West.*

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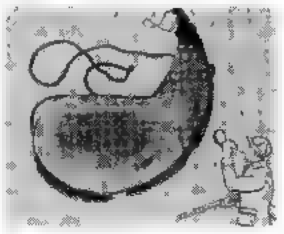

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The First "Buffalo Bill"

(Continued from page 28)

Mathewson saddled and rode out on the prairie to find the vengeful chief. He was not reckless, but had little desire to always live in fear of being struck down without warning. If he were to die, he preferred to face his enemy.

However, news reached Satanta of the big trader's search for him. This Mathewson was a devil — and there was no way to destroy demons! After considerable thought, Satanta took his band south to escape the trader's wrath.

For a full year Satanta stayed in Texas and the southern part of the Indian Territory (present-day Oklahoma). He was homesick for the western Kansas hunting grounds, still feared to go back.

Mathewson was working alone in the store one day when a shadow fell on the doorway. He stared up into the wary eyes of Kiowa brave, who seemed hesitant about entering. The trader smiled and motioned him in.

"I come from Satanta. He say he is very sorry his heart was bad. Now his heart is good. If he gives you twenty horses, can he come back and hunt the buffalo in peace?"

Staring hard into the eyes of the Indian messenger, Mathewson replied, "If his heart is good, he may come back."

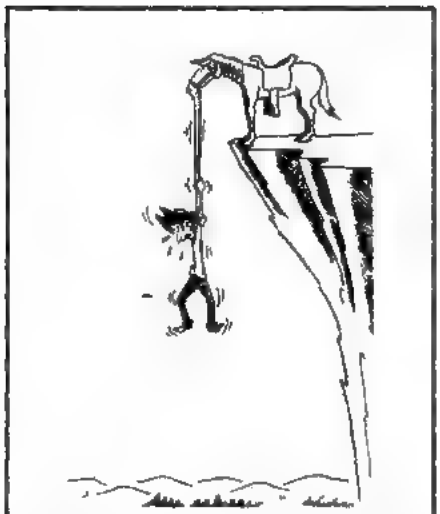
Satanta wasted no time in arriving at the trading post with twenty horses. "My heart is good," he asserted. "I am your friend. I give you a new name — Sinpah Zilpah."

It wasn't long until all the Indians had picked up the new Kiowa name, Sinpah Zilpah, which meant "Long-bearded Dangerous Man."

For a while, Mathewson kept Satanta under surveillance. Then after a reasonable length of time had passed, Mathewson invited Satanta to visit him at the post and conceded to the chief: "I've been watching you. Your heart is good. Take back your twenty ponies."

From that time on, Satanta considered himself a close friend of Sinpah Zilpah and nothing could shatter the bond between them.

During the Civil War the North sent troops over the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Leavenworth to New Mexico to bolster the fighting forces of Kit Carson. As the Union army was marching, a band of Indians reined their ponies along the Trace to watch them. Several young recruits, overly apprehensive and excited at the nearness of the feathered warriors, opened fire. This act, coupled with similar ones, fanned the fires of hatred between the red and the white man.



"That was a nice stop. Now back up!"

Angry, the Plains tribes came together in council and made plans to take the warpath while the white men were busy with their own war. Here was the opportunity to take back their land from the white encroachers.

Satanta was at the council and beseeched the other chiefs to spare his white friend, but they scoffed at him for being weak and said, "Sinpah Zilpah closet; he first to die."

That night Satanta slipped from the encampment and rode swiftly through the darkness to Mathewson's post on Cow Creek. "You must ride for your life," warned the Kiowa chief. "My people go to war, kill all whites. You first to die."

Grateful, Mathewson answered, "Thank-you, Satanta." But then he shook his head as he said, "I've got to stay here."

Again Satanta entreated him to leave, insisting the tribes did not intend to spare a white man, woman or child beyond the settlements of eastern Kansas.

However, instead of leaving, Mathewson sent expresses to warn the settlers and stage station personnel of the Indian uprising. He also sent expresses to the Overland Transportation Company and to Bryant, Barnard and Company, warning them not to send out any trains for a while. In a few days, Overland reported to him that a wagontrain had already started, and that it was heavily loaded with repeating rifles and ammunition for Federal troops in New Mexico. They urged Mathewson to do what he could to prevent the train's falling into the hands of the Indians.

Mathewson and his five-man crew made a fortress of 200 sacks of corn on top of the main building, then settled down with breech-loading rifles to defend the post. The early morning sun of July 20, 1864 flashed its bright rays off the gaudy feathers and paint of several hundred Indians as they appeared on the horizon around the trading post.

For three days the Indians laid seige to the prairie fortress and made screeching, intermittent assaults, but were always driven back. Most of the warriors had only bows and arrows to use against the deadly rifles of the plainsmen. The Indians tried to burn the building, but this too was unsuccessful. Finally, during the night of the third day they pulled back, leaving the prairie dotted with dead horses.

As soon as it was light enough to see, Mathewson climbed cautiously to the corn barricade and studied the surrounding plains through his field glass. To the east he spotted the reason for the withdrawal — the Indians had found another prey. They were attacking a large wagontrain that had camped about three miles away. It resembled the wagontrain described by the Overland Transportation Company.

However, the firing was so sporadic and weak, Mathewson thought if it were that particular train the men surely must know nothing of their cargo. It sounded as though they were inadequately armed for such an attack, and repeating rifles would make considerable difference. He continued to study the battle for a few moments, not liking what he saw.

Hastily Mathewson climbed down from the lookout, ordered his horse saddled and armed himself with six revolvers—four in his belt and two in his hands. Spurring his mount, he shot out of the stockade straight for the beleaguered train. He was counting on the Indians being too engrossed in the attack to notice him before he was almost through their lines.

He made it to the outer edge of the encircling Indians before arrows and bullets began swarming around him like angry wasps. The trader's fleet-footed horse was struck several times but kept galloping straight toward the wagons. Mathewson was nicked–here and there, but the worst and most painful wound was from an arrow in his thigh which he had to jerk out.

Suddenly the horse went flying over the trace chain stretched between wagons that were not so close together as the others. Mathewson hit the ground on the run, grabbed an axe, and jumped on a wagon. Inside were crates and he quickly broke one open, exposing brand new repeating rifles to the mystified onlookers. He began handing out guns. Other crates were broken open, revealing more rifles and ammunition.

Since almost all able-bodied men back East were in the army, the train

crew had been made up of old men and young boys. The military had disguised the load and kept the contents secret for fear of Confederate raiders.

The rapid and continuous fire from the wagontrain soon had the hostiles retreating over the sand hills to the northwest. These new breech-loaders had meant the difference at the trading post, as well. With such large numbers attacking a small group, it was impossible to load and shoot fast enough with the old arms.

On May 1, 1866 Mathewson journeyed to Leavenworth to market furs and hides collected through the winter. He dealt with the firm of Peck, Durfee & Company, which bought his furs and assisted in supplying his trading post. The day after his arrival, Mr. Durfee invited Mathewson to his home for a banquet given the leading citizens of the town. At first Mathewson declined. It was after considerable persuasion that he was induced to attend and relate some of his experiences, especially his efforts in seeking the release of captive women and children from the Indians.

After speaking for a while, Mathewson, embarrassed with talking about himself, prepared to leave, but Durfee held out a key to him and told him to unlock a rosewood case and display its contents to the ladies. Inside th case was a handsome brace of ivory-handled pistols, silver mounted and inlaid with gold, complete with powder flask and bullet molds. Jokingly, Mathewson said, "I could certainly use a pair like those in my business."

Thereupon, Durfee began a presentation speech. The guns were being presented to Mathewson by the Overland Transportation Company for his heroic action in saving 155 lives and 147 wagons of government supplies.

Mathewson had been in many tight places, but none that ever took his nerve away so completely as this presentation. Somehow he managed to stammer out an appreciative remark, and he must have been a proud man when he returned to western Kansas.

During the Indian wars of the 1860s, Mathewson was a government scout for General James B. Blunt and other officers at various army posts. It was while he was scout for Blunt at Fort Harker that he met and married Elizabeth Inman.

Along with other frontiersmen, Mathewson was instrumental in bringing the many tribes of Plains Indians together for the famous Medicine Lodge Peace Treaty in 1867. In light of the many previous treaties that had been broken and the hostility of many of the Indian leaders, this was a mission filled with much danger and little chance of success. It took weeks of hard riding and wise wording to achieve the greatest gathering of Indians and whites in history.

Bill Mathewson later became one of the founders of Wichita, Kansas, and adapted himself to the business world. When he died at the age of eight-seven on March 22, 1916, he was a very wealthy man.

But one of the proudest moments in his long life was when William F. Cody's Wild West Show played in "Mathewson's Pasture" and the two Buffalo Bills met in the living room of the Mathewson home. Cody shook hands and solemnly affirmed that Mathewson was the original Buffalo Bill.

Law of Survival

(Continued from page 29)

hostile redmen.

In western Kansas they visited Ada's brother, Wallace Gibbs. He had three years previously been affected by the urge that was prompting thousands to migrate westward. Lured by the prospect of free land, virgin soil, and living in "God's country," few realized that the government was betting a half section of land that they'd starve before they could secure a deed to it. Gibbs urged his kin to go no farther but to file on a homestead near him. What he didn't tell them was that he and his family could not have stayed there themselves had he not a had a salary as county clerk.

The couple followed the Santa Fe Trail to Las Animas, Colorado. Thre on advice of local traders they left the trail and turned south toward Two Buttes. Nearly three days' driving brought them to a valley through which ran a small river with cottonwoods and willows lining its banks. From there, their driver walked back to Las Animas where he hoped to find an eastbound wagontrain.

The Bakers camped on the highest point of the selected half-section, and the first smoke that went up brought a rider.

"John Cameron, Ma'am. Saw there was somebody close. I live four miles up, near the river. I have a wife and a little boy. Rode over to see if I can be of any help."

"We have to think first of a house," Carroll said. "It's too late to plant a crop but I can do some fall plowing."

"This would be a good place for a dugout." Cameron, who recognized a tenderfoot, added, "It will be much warmer than a house built of lumber, and cheaper too."

When Ada asked if there were not mountain lions and wolves along the river, Cameron nodded but said nothing. Before he left they had driven stakes into the ground to indicate

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See Page 40

corners, and Carroll had been given instructions as to how to cut and lay sod. Strange, he remarked to Ada, that a man with little schooling knew more about survival than a graduate of the University of Illinois.

"You each know much about different kinds of living," was her reply.

They unloaded the wagon containing implements and tools, and Carroll started digging. He wouldn't permit Ada to help with that, but she did go to the river, fill the water barrels, and pick up what dead wood she could find.

The room was to be rectangular and for its type, spacious. Half would be underground, with the walls above the surface five fee high. Space was left for two windows and a door. Carroll cut poles for rafters but did not attempt to cover them with sod.

Cameron brought his family and worked several days before another neighbor joined in the task. His name was Tom Bell; he was married but had no children.

When Carroll Baker decided upon a trip to Las Animas, Mrs. Bell stayed with Ada at the Baker place. Tom Bell in his wagon went with Carroll, and the two were to do all buying of winter supplies for the three families.

Baker, upon advice of the trader, bought wide flat boards to support a sod roof and tar with which to cover them before laying the sod upon them. To his companion's surprise he bought flooring, also.

Though neither Bell nor Cameron would accept pay for his work, when Baker saw the meager stores they had purchased to see them through the winter, he doubled is own order to be able to share with them

The trip required six days and they felt a tang of autumn in the air before they arrived home.

When the dugout was completed a tarp was suspended across the middle to separate living room and kitchen. Furniture was arranged in a manner to make the place quite cozy.

The oxen, mules, horses and cow were driven each evening to the river for water. For shelter during the winter Carroll Baker built a sod wall to protect his animals from the north wind, and added a covered stall for the cow. It was located a hundred yards from the dugout door. The ground between had been plowed, and the saplings planted.

When weather permitted, Carroll "broke sod" (plowed) and when spring arrived he planted sixty acres of row crops, wheat and oats. Contrary to his brother-in-law's reports of desert conditions, frequent rains raised hopes for an excellent yield.

Everything went well until the appearance of a strange looking dust cloud in the south. The next morning a herd of cattle approached with a rider in the lead. Carroll went out to meet the man and courteously requested that he detour around the fields. The drover paid no attention, nor did the three thousand or so cattle. Before sundown there was not a spear of green standing.

That necessitated another trip to Las Animas to buy seed. The Camerons stayed with Ada and the children until his return. Fortunately the herd had missed John Cameron's place. He helped Carroll harrow the land and replant it, but it was too late to produce more than fodder for the stock.

Then the thing that Ada had long feared, but never mentioned, happened. The Camerons' six-year old son drove some stock to the river one day and the animals came drifting back with little Robert's pony riderless. When the frantic parents went to look for him they found the tracks of a huge mountain lion — nothing else.

The Camerons came to the Bakers' dugout, driving their stock, and stayed until Ada's fourth child, Ira, was born. Mrs. Cameron never returned to their claim. But two weeks later her husband went, packed all he could into the wagon and returned for her. The Bakers watched them leave for their old home in Missouri. It was a sad parting.

Herman Baker was nine years old but never again was he allowed to drive stock for water without one of his parents. Never again did Ada go to the cow-pen to milk without taking a pitchfork. (She had never handled a gun). Ada did not do any milking, except when her husband was away.

Carroll had grown kaffir on the land in front of the house, and in the fall, cut and shocked it. One evening Ada left the children inside the house with the door open. As she returned from the cow-pen with a pail of milk and the pictchfork, she saw a little shadowy form slinking from one shock to another, Ada dropped the milk pail and ran.

For house use Carroll had a well drilled very close to the door; wood was stacked on both sides of it. This was their one touch of luxury. And though Ada never complained, never mentioned returning to their former home, Carroll knew well that was what she wanted. Each of them had worked since early childhood but they were not really qualified to cope with primitive life.

It was two months after the birth of a son, Stanley, that another tragedy occurred. The Bells, financially unable to hire someone to drill a well, contrived a device resembling a huge auger for that purpose. Across the top was a pole against which an ox pushed. By that means it penetrated the earth leaving a hole about a foot in diameter. When the well had reached a depth of thirty feet, water stood in it to a depth of ten.

That was a spring of unusually strong winds which swept away all loose soil. To prevent dirt blowing into the well, Bell covered the top with a heavy square board. At times he weighted it down with stones.

Tom Bell was working in the field when his wife missed their eighteen-month-old son. She could not find him, so she ran for her husband. When they returned to the house Tom looked first for the well-covering. It, too, was missing.

Five families, including the Bakers, conducted simple funeral services around that well. While the men filled it with soil, the women helped Mrs. Bell with her packing. All stayed until the couple climbed to the wagon seat and drove away.

When the Bakers returned to their dugout, Caroll Baker for the first time gave voice to his emotions. "Ada, this is no place for you and the children. I know that you will never ask me to leave. Now I'm asking you."

Their few remaining gold pieces were adequate for the journey.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

towns, and even many villages had their own gasworks. In the West, San Francisco, Sacramento, and Virginia City were gas lit as well as countless smaller towns.

The basic gas burner was simple in design. For a wall bracket installation, a brass arm was attached to the gas pipe in the wall. At the end of this arm was a vertical "lava tip" that directed the gas through a slit which fanned out the flame for brightest illumination. The gas flow was controlled by a valve or cock located on the brass arm. The flame was sometimes surrounded by a glass globe for decoration and to cut the drafts.

Later gaslights contained mantles for a bright constant light. Some of these even had pilot lights which made it unnecessary to use matches. All that was needed was a pull on the chain. A pull on the opposite chain turned off the gas flow.

The ultimate refinement came in the form of a wall switch very similar to the electric push button switch of the 1920s. When the switch was pushed "on," an electric spark from a battery ignited the gas at the chandelier.

Frontier Times

When the "off' button was pushed, the gas was turned off.

The firm of Archer and Warner of Boston stated in their catalog: "The advantage of gas-lights is manifest. It is much cheaper, compared with the light it affords, than any other. It saves a deal of time and labor, which would otherwise be expended in filling and trimming lamps, cleaning candlesticks and snuffing candles — to say nothing of the constant trouble and anxiety given by these operations, and the spots of grease and oil which follow them. Gaslights are the very perfection of cleanliness. . . The light is agreeable and if properly managed, gives no smoke. In point of cost proportioned to its brilliance, it is nearly one-third that of lard burned in our solar lamps, and at least one-sixth that of tallow candles."

Despite the praises of Archer and Warner, there were some disadvantages. The light from a single gas jet was flickering. Rooms equipped with only one jet had to have supplemental lighting from candles or lamps. Only the use of multiple jets in a room steadied the light.

Another problem was caused by visitors to the cities who had never seen gaslights. The rural person was used to merely blowing out his lamp or candle when going to bed. In the city this could be disastrous. Explosions occurred periodically — and some people blew out the gas and went to sleep permanently. Signs were posted in all hotels which read: "DO NOT BLOW OUT THE GAS, TURN COCK LOCATED AT BASE OF FLAME."

The gaslight was the best means of illumination until the use of the electric light became widespread. Its era is a part of our heritage which is remembered as romantic and adventurous. The old fixtures can be wired for electricity and are truly interesting additions to any home. Unfortunately, in the last few years that old admonition "DO NOT BLOW OUT THE GAS" has been updated to "DO NOT TURN ON ANY LIGHT UNLESS IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY"!

HEROINE OF VACCA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

By Laura Dean Cole

Laura Catherine Garnett, second wife of Wilson Davis, one of the early settlers of Vacca Valley, was a woman whose exploits rivaled those of the Wild West thrillers. She was born and raised near Hannibal, Missouri, and lived there until after the Civil War.

Being a young college woman, unusual in those days, of considerable beauty and with courage which did not know fear, her activities in smuggling clothing, medicines and other supplies through the Federal lines to escaped Confederate prisoners lingering in the vicinity of the fort, sound like pure fiction. She also helped forward to Anderson's forces ammunition made in the factory of William Cleaver, a supposed Federal sympathizer. This foundry was operated within the actual fort. Jesse and Frank James met her regularly a few miles beyond the picket lines and received the ammunition and other supplies. Her regular occupation was school teacher.

At the close of the war all teachers were required to take the oath of allegiance to the U.S. Government. Unwilling to do this, Miss Garnett fled to they West Coast and joined her brother, J.S. Garnett, long a resident of Dixcon, California.

She wanted to resume teaching, but the only school with a vacancy was adjacent to the Modoc Indian Reservation. The conduct of the whites had, as usual, driven the Indians to desperation and the tribe was on the warpath. The last two teachers had been scalped and killed. Possibly they needed killing. The mothers of the few pupils attending there were making urgent demands that a peaceable teacher be secured.

Miss Garnet applied to the trustees. Being a woman, she was a target for exploitation. Gravely they assured her that if she could manage about the scalping, they would hire her for three months, at $30 a month. Miss Garnett was of the advance guard of emancipated women, and she knew the difficulty they were meeting in getting a teacher at any price. She sweetly assured them that if there was nothing worse to be feared than being scalped by the Indians she would take the school for nine months at $70 a month.

The trustees figuratively went "straight up" — and came down with their heads in their pockets. The contrast was signed at her price.

It would possibly have been death for a white man to have gone to the camp of the hostiles, but young school ma'm borrowed a pony and rode alone. She was captured by pickets but without violence.

"Man, you're shore lucky! Yore hoss and that new saddle didn't even get a scratch in that fall off the bluff."

Learning that her captors could understand English, she explained that she was on her way to visit their medicine man. She thanked them for meeting her, and asked that they introduce her. They gravely complied. She addressed the aged Indian as "Doctor," and treated him with the ceremonious courtesy she would have shown to a white specialist.

Calmly, Miss Garnett explained to him that she intended teaching school and realizing her ignorance of medicinal botany and first aid, she had come to him for instruction. Immediately her status changed from captive to honored guest. She was presented to the women in camp and no effort was spared to make her visit pleasant.

For three days Laura Garnett literally sat at the feet of the aged Indian physician, and received sound, valuable information regarding first aid, native herbs and plants which would be of value all of her life.

On preparing to return home, Laura invited the women to visit her school and if possible, enroll their children. Some of the young braves gallantly escorted her past the outmost guard, and she returned home safely and opened the school on time.

A few days later some of the children looking out the door saw several Indians approaching and begged her to bar the door against them. This was an insult of which one of the executed teachers had been guilty. Instead, Miss Garnet welcomed the party and invited them to enter. They were dressed in their best clothes and had come to visit the school on her invitation. She treated them exactly as she would have treated prominent white ladies in similar circumstances. She put her pupils through their paces and at the close of school, urged her visitors to enroll their children.

I do not know if any Indian children ever attended, but I do know that friendships formed which continued as long as the Modocs remained in that section.

Almost immediately after the end of her school term, Laura Garnett was married to Wilson Davis. Eleven months later, her only child, Will Davis, was born. He was long a resident of Vaccaville and the father of Daryl Dean Davis. At almost the same time as Will's birth, one of Laura's Indian friends bore a son. The two little boys exchanged visits as though they were relatives, and some of the happiest times of Will's childhood were spent on the reservation.

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 38)

of the steamboat *Far West*, the vessel that brought the wounded survivors of Major Reno's command down the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers to Fort Abraham Lincoln following the battle of the Little Big Horn.

The author, a native Nebraskan, lives in Illinois. He spent more than twenty years as a working riverman aboard towboats operating on the Mississippi River. He is now retired from the river and spends his time writing.

WESTERN WOMEN

Women in the American West, 1849-1900 edited by Christiane Fischer (E.P. Dutton Co., Two Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, 346 pages, $5.95 paperback, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This book is a collection of the writings of women who spent time in the American West during the late 19th century. The editor provides an informative introduction pointing out their contribution, and the writings — at least most of them — also do that.

The writings have been divided into topic areas. The first collection relates to women in mining towns and camps and what they observed and experienced. This is followed by women living on farms and ranches. The third section deals with army wives, and next comes working wives. Life in western cities, as seen through the eyes of women, is included along with the writings of women who traveled through the American West.

A fine list of suggested readings completes the volume.

MEXICO

Mules, Mines & Me In Mexico by Morris B. Parker (Univ. of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, Ariz, 85722, 230 pages, $7.95 paperback, 5½ x 7½ inches).

Morris B. Parker was a mining engineer in the rugged Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua for nearly four decades. This book contains his reminiscences. The book is edited by James M. Day.

For nearly 40 years Parker witnessed life in Sonoran mining camps. He first went to Mexico late in the 19th century. He recalls his experiences including those with Pancho Villa, Yaqui Indians, Colonel William C. Greeno and many others.

Parker had the ability to communicate effectively through words. His language is crisp and clear. His sharp wit comes through on the papers of this readable work.

Editor James Day's extensive notes and commentary at the end provide added perspective and appreciation for Parker. A good index is included.

WAGON ROADS WEST

Wagon Roads West by W. Turrentine Jackson (Univ. of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 422 pages, $19.95 hardcover, $6.50 paperback).

This is a reprint of the first edition published in 1952. The book is a study of federal road surveys and construction in the Trans-Mississippi West between 1846 and 1869.

Since the book first appeared more than twenty-five years ago, it has received numerous awards and has been widely acclaimed. It is considered the most nearly definitive work on the federal government's role in the location, survey and improvement of wagon routes in the West before the arrival of the railroads. The government attempted to guarantee the success of private enterprise in the West through a program of exploration, survey and improvement of routes that could be used by emigrants, traders, mail carriers and soldiers.

Notes, a fine bibliography and index are included along with numerous maps. It is good to see this valuable book reprinted. Highly recommended.

ON THE BORDER

Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders by De Benneville Randolph Keim (Rio Grande Press, Inc., Glorieta, N.M. 87535, 320 pages, 6½ x 9½ inches, price not given).

This book was first published in Philadelphia in 1870. Copies of the first edition are scarce. It is an account of General Sheridan's winter campaign on the Plains in 1868. The author, who died in 1914, was a prominent war correspondent. The work reflects the soldier's view of the Indian in the late 1860s.

The publisher has reproduced the fold-out endpapers appearing in the scarce first edition. Color illustrations show Red Cloud's war bonnet, an Indian smoking pipe, tobacco pouch, a squaw's dress; and many other Indian items including a page of "objects of interest and curiosity."

It is good to see this interesting book available again.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 39)

tended to his wound, an act William never forgot. Later William was present at the surrender of the British at Yorktown.

Later in life, Reverend William Davis was considered one of Virginia's true statesmen. He moved to Wilkes County, Georgia where he became the first Southern Baptist minister in the Davis family. He died in Wilkes County on October 31, 1831.

All letters will be answered and I will appreciate any information on these families.—Mrs. Evelynne Ritter, 303 Orange Avenue, Mountain View, California 94043

Barnes

I would like to have some help in finding out what happened to my great-grandfather. He was William Barnes, born in Indiana. He married Elizabeth Fosnight. She was born in 1822 in Indiana. Her parents were William Fosnight born in Ohio and Mary Freeman born in Indiana.

In the 1880 census for Sedgwick County, Kansas, I found Elizabeth and six of their seven sons. All of the sons were born in Indiana. They were: William (my great-grandfather), Ellis, Dexter (Deck), Otis (Oat), Stacey (Stace), and Pleasant (P. L. or Plez). There was also an older son, Zeph (Zephanhah or Zephaniah). I think he had already left home by then.

Family tradition says that William "left" Elizabeth with her seven sons. I think he must have left sometime between 1872 and 1880. The rest of the family later moved to Oklahoma. I would like to know where he went, when he died and where he is buried, his parents' names, etc., and I hope someone will be able to help me.—Linda Patton, 435 Avery Road E., Chehalis, Washington 98532

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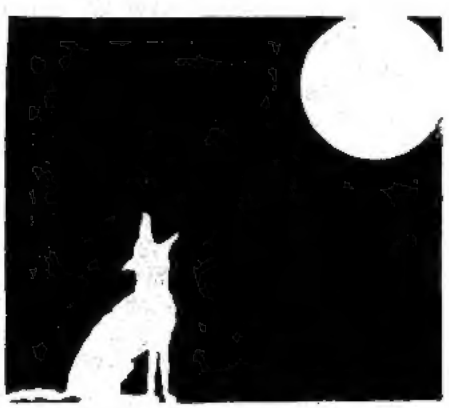

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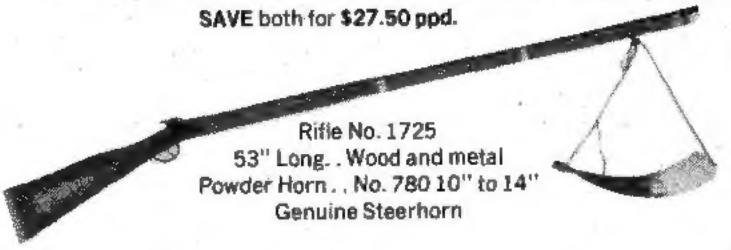

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Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 3)

of silver spurs from the boots of the dead man and I now have them in my collection. The gun was recovered in the Spring when the well was cleaned out. The gun did not deteriorate very much being under water that long.

The man in Corsicana replaced three (3) nipples and was shooting it when I found it. I got the old nipples, put them in a small cloth sack and tied them to the trigger guard.

I traded the man in Corsicana a 1860 Model Colt Army, that I paid $500 for, and a 95 Winchester 30-06 take down, with burl wood, that I paid $50.00 for, in exchange for the Dance Revolver.

Much later, I traded the Dance Revolver to Elton Hyder, Sr. of Fort Worth, for $7,000 cash, a diamond ring and 14 pistols.

Sincerely, R. L. Fowler

Talk about gun collectors, I have a .22 Stevens Junior that has a very cracked stock. It is about 52 years old and is possibly worth $1.75 but I wouldn't take $5,000 for it! I figure the durn thing saved my life and that of my cousin "Hop" Fergeson when an old gray horse would have trampled us to death if I hadn't persuaded him with a whack on the hunkus to go forward instead of backward. Maybe you read that in February '79 *True West* — A Horse Named Prune. Maybe I should take it to a gun show with a little card reading "Distress Sale. Owner is getting old and needs a grubstake badly. Will sacrifice for $5,000." What makes a man think about silly things like that?

Now for the latest news. By golly, these Krause folks we are doing business with now are rolling along like loud thunder in a box canyon. We have wanted a really complete index for a mighty long time. Chet Krause said it wouldn't be much trouble and I smiled wisely and in my mind I thought "This good man knoweth not what he geteth into! Well, Chet did knoweth and already there is finished an index you wouldn't believe! If a gnat named Herman lit on a prairie dog's nose and it was mentioned in an article in any issue of *True West, Frontier Times* or *Old West* from 1953 through 1979 — Herman and the prairie dog (if he had a name) would show up in that dadburned index! It will be printed as soon as the proof-reading and editing is finished and from the thousands of questions you folks ask about relative to material that has been printed in these magazines — it ought to be a gold mine for you. We'll let you know when it is ready to ship.

Also, another of my pet dreams was to put out a beautiful four color western calendar. That is in the making also and you won't be able to miss the announcements on it when it's ready.

To cap it all off, we are putting out a catalog that lists every dad-blasted thing we have to sell. You wouldn't believe how many letters we get in asking if we sell this or that or whatever and many of them end along the line of "Be sure and list everything you have because I want it all!" Well, that has been some kind of a job in the past, but when we get all our dad-burned plunder listed and printed up in the catalog form, it ought to be a happy event for us all. I hope at least a few of you folks are as excited about this stuff we are getting together as I am. Oh yes, we are even planning on listing the articles in each back issue so you folks will know exactly what you are getting when you order back issues. Most publishers wouldn't believe the number of back issues we sell. They seem to be like wine — the older it gets the better!

The National Association and Center for Outlaw and Lawman History people are having a Rendezvous in San Antonio, Texas on June 19 — 21 at Trinity University. There will be several tours of historic outlaw/lawman sites in the San Antonio area. If you are interested, you can get full details from Ben M. Blount, 163 Rittiman Road, San Antonio, TX 78209.

I've said enough for this time. Better leave something for when I

See you later — HOSSTAIL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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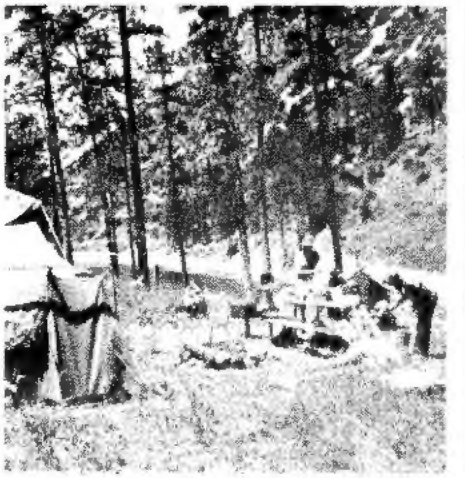
The land still is plentiful and the prices low because the vast majority of the American public is completely unaware of the many opportunities that exist today in Government land. By taking a few minutes to read this you have already taken the first step toward joining a select, well-informed group. Many Americans dream of owning their own land, but few realize that literally MILLIONS of Acres are available from Federal, State and local Government agencies for almost every conceivable use . . . farming, business, homesites, hunting, fishing, etc.

Are All Government Land Sales Good Buys? Sometimes Government offices release properties for sale that the Government Lands Digest considers as undesirable land. While such properties are usually listed, we are careful to advise you of their various shortcomings. It is the practice of our editorial staff to keep you supplied with accurate information that you can convert into big savings for today and even larger profits for tomorrow.

Who Buys These Properties And Why? Most buyers of Government lands acquire property for their own personal use or for investment gains. Many of these bargains have a recreational and investment potential that is absolutely astounding! Summer cottage sites for family fun and privacy . . . Scenic lands for all season retirement homes . . . Hunting and fishing camps . . . Ideal settings for ski lodges . . . Trailer sites . . . Farms, to work or rent out . . . Large wooded tracts for family camping, hiking and loafing.



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THIS IS NO. 11, "ON THE MOVE"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ (wtrclr)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Bold, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson), 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (wtrclr)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x8½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (wtrclr)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (wtrclr)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½

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